

THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME 10. NO. 42

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, NOV. 24, 1892.

TERMS—\$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

Dr. Chas. McIndoe fills teeth without pain.

Latest styles of cutters at Beers & Lawson's ware rooms.

Mart Hirtel was down from Eagle River Monday on business.

Frank Dana, of Wausau, was a caller at this office last Friday.

A car load of young draft horses at the Oneida House barn, for sale cheap.

D. E. Briggs is having a new furnace put in his residence on Brown street.

Leon Dana, Antigo's popular jeweler, made the New North a call last Friday.

Shafer has the best stock of overcoats in town. Don't buy one until you see his stock.

Enough snow fell on Sunday to delay all trains on the Lake Shore's northern division.

Miss Alice Dayton visited friends in Antigo last week, and assisted at a concert given there.

Mrs. B. F. Edwards is entertaining her father and brother, S. and M. Barton, of Waupaca.

Mrs. Joe Hudson, of Waupaca, displayed a fine line of art needle work in this city last week.

Schroeder has the best lumbermen's harness you can get anywhere. Go there for it every time.

Elsewhere in this paper will be found a program to be given at the Congregational church next Wednesday evening, Nov. 29. Read it.

Beers & Lawson received a carload of cutters from the Kalamazoo Carriage Co. Wednesday, all of the latest styles. Call and look them over.

Bring in your holiday advertisements. Only three weeks remain for you to tell the public what you have in stock suitable for Christmas gifts.

Charley Clancy, who used to run the surfacing crew on the Lake Shore line here, is now trainmaster of the division between Monico and Watersmeet.

W. W. Crane, a prominent merchant of Weyauwega, Wis., and a member of the firm of Crane, Fendler & Co. of this place, transacted business here Monday.

W. L. Beers has just received fifty dozen pairs of Canadian hand knit socks, mitts, oversocks, and hand knit shirts and pants. Sold very reasonable.

Gid Clark and Tim Lennon are logging at State Line. They are putting in their own timber from a tract recently purchased of the Land, Log & Lumber Co.

A car load of young draft horses just arrived from Iowa, are offered for sale at reasonable prices. You are invited to call at the Oneida House barn and look them over.

There's no better place in the city to buy anything and everything you need in the line of clothing or furnishing goods than at Shafer's. His prices are right and his goods reliable.

Horses were selling on the street at auction, Monday, very cheap. Peter Siebold bought a span of fine roan mares, six years old, for \$250. A car load of heavy draft horses were sold at about the same figures.

Now is the time to think of a nice sleigh ride, and to have a real enjoyable one you should be seated in one of Beers & Lawson's cutters, which are acknowledged to be the best for ease, comfort and convenience.

The heavy snow seen in the section of the city this season, came last week. These inches of the beautiful snow fell about four days making the sleighing excellent. It was a good omen for the woods work and for the winter. The indications for the winter will be an excellent one for harvesting logs.

R. LeFevre, who bought the saw mill at Tomahawk lake, has incorporated the Lake Shore Lumber Co. in company with Bray & Choate, of Oshkosh. They are about ready to begin business and have a good sized tract of timber to begin on, and as Bray & Choate own considerable more there, they are likely to do an extensive business. The company will do their own logging, sawing, and car out the cut. They are running a store there and will have quite a little burg. The postoffice will be changed in name from Rainbow to Tomahawk Lake on January 1st.

Shafer's for clothing every time. * Lumbermen, go to Schroeder's for your harness.

Frank Markee is down from Woodruff on business.

Wm. Brady, of McNaughton, made this office a call Tuesday.

Geo. Stout, of Antigo, was a Rhinelander visitor Monday.

Small lot household goods for sale. G. B. STEVENS, Oneida Ave.

P. W. Nicholls was down to Appleton and Oshkosh Monday.

Lucius Wheeler has gone to Neenah for a day's visit with relatives.

An intelligence office has been opened in the Taylor building on Stevens street.

Meats for the holidays. Turkeys in abundance. Leave your orders early at Hallet's meat market.

Mrs. W. D. Harrigan was called to her home in Flint, Mich., Tuesday by the serious illness of her father.

W. D. Harrigan commenced his logging operations near Newbold Tuesday. He will put in about 2,000,000.

Geo. W. Lee, Edward Forhan and R. E. Ames, of Hazelhurst, were in the city Friday last. They came over to attend the ball.

Mrs. P. Harrigan, who has been visiting her sons in this place for the past four weeks, returned to her home in Green Bay yesterday.

A good sized audience attended the Baptist church concert last Friday evening and thoroughly appreciated the carefully prepared program.

Pingry & Co's furniture store is a decided credit to the city, and it gives the citizens a city stock to select from. Just look the store over some day.

The Congregational Ladies' Aid Society will meet with Mrs. Chas. Chaffee next Wednesday afternoon. A full attendance is requested.

Turkeys! Turkeys! Leave your orders early for them at Hallet's meat market, as the best ones are liable to be sold long before Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Reardon and Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Billings entertained a number of friends at the former's home Tuesday evening. Progressive Pedro occupied the evening.

Rhinelander merchants are getting in a great stock of holiday goods this year. Every dealer in town has been receiving goods for days past in anticipation of holiday trade.

The county board of canvassers of Oneida county are the last in the state to finish their work. They completed it yesterday. Some queer mistakes were made in some of the precincts, notably at Flambeau, where not a ballot was signed by the clerks of election. They were all thrown out by the canvassing board. The result is not at all affected by this, however.

"The Convict," a play which has been a number of presentations under various titles, such as "The Noble Outcast," "Jerry, the Tramp," etc., was given by M. Sherman, assisted by local talent, under the auspices of the Catholic Church Friday and Saturday evenings. The presentation was very good. The local members of the cast acquitted themselves well, and the acting of Mr. Sherman was an agreeable surprise. The audience on Friday evening was large, and on Saturday night small. The church society gains something from the affair.

Rhinelander can furnish about the worst behaved audience at a theater of any town in this state—when occasion demands such an audience. It is not that the spirit of riot and general disrespect is more rampant here than elsewhere, but the crowd in the gallery has had no check rein put on them until they have become so noisy that people actually dislike to attend an entertainment. A prompt check put upon the boys once will render their enthusiasm more controllable and make the entertainment a great deal more enjoyable to those who go to hear the play and not to listen to a series of whistles and loud comments from people who either know no better or care nothing for their behavior. The opera house managers should put a stop to such performances, or the town will obtain a reputation which it does not deserve. A few misbehaved boys should not be allowed to give out the impression that Rhinelander audiences neither appreciate nor enjoy a good entertainment.

A little daughter of Sam Miller is sick with the scarlet fever.

Jim Lawless has gone to Hazelhurst to run the mill filling room this winter.

Pingry's is the place to purchase furniture. If you want style and stock you can get it there.

The amount of poultry sold in this city for Thanksgiving aggregates considerably over a ton.

F. Hallet has a fine line of turkeys, chickens, etc., for the holidays. Leave your orders early before the best are sold.

The county and town board proceedings have crowded the New North columns so that but little else has appeared for the past two issues. A material change for the better will occur next week.

The post-office scramble among local democrats has ceased. Chas. Wilson apparently has a clear field, so far at least, and has already sent in his petition to Congressman Lynch. It is signed pretty extensively and it is also understood that the Congressman has promised to give what it calls for.

Choate, Mich.

In the minds of the great majority of people who have heard of Choate, Mich., at all, there is but a vague idea of the place. The poll of the vote at the recent election was one hundred and fifteen, of which democrats received sixty-four, republicans twenty-seven, prohibitionists three, people's four and split tickets twelve. But five ballots were thrown out. The polls were opened at seven o'clock, but the voting hardly commenced before 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Everything was quiet and orderly, and the vote of Choate as a separate precinct was on record as a decided credit and good showing for the thriving little village.

While Choate has not yet attained any great reputation as a commercial or manufacturing place, it is advancing with rapid strides in that direction. The place is nicely located at the junction of Ontonagon river and Sucker creek. The poll of election shows a population of not far from five hundred people who have gained a residence there. The saw mill, which is just starting, is one of the finest in the country, and is the only mill in that locality which has a big tract of fine timber land tributary. The mill, as well as the timber, is owned by the Oshkosh Log & Lumber Co. of Oshkosh, and the firm is known to all lumbermen as one of the best in the country. The mill is a two hand saw and is under the management of Stephen Radford, one of the firm, with E. B. Crofoot as superintendent. In every particular the equipments are complete, and the mill is second to none in the country. Gus Brostrom, of Rhinelander, has the contract for piling, and Charlie Woodcock does the sawing. The management has done everything in getting ready in a most thorough and systematic manner. The board of directors in connection would put to shame many of the so-called first-class hotels in some of our larger cities. The building is a three story frame with good rooms for two hundred people. Each room has a complete bedroom suit of extra quality, and every bed has a set of wire springs. The rooms are carpeted and well heated and ventilated. There are at present one hundred and fifteen men quartered in the house. They are required to have their washing done in the premises once a week, and are charged \$1 a month for it. Everything about the house is neat and clean, and the tables are well laden with good food. The mill, boarding house, barn and surrounding premises are lighted by electricity from the company's plant, which is in connection with the mill. There are two saloons as close to the place as their owners dare bring them. The company will not allow them on their premises, so they located about half a mile away. These saloon keepers are both democrats and seem to be good workers. There is a school house, built by the company quite close to their plant, so as to be convenient for the children of any of their employees who may locate here. Perhaps it is as well to say that the writer has no children attending the school. There are sixteen pupils enrolled, for the instruction of whom the teacher draws a salary of \$45.00 per month.

If any of the boys pay us a visit we will guarantee them a good time, without any danger of being molested by the Bygones and the Eddy force of armed police.

The latest styles in headwear and neckwear at Mark Shafer's.

As a republican we shall to-morrow give thanks that the earth still revolves.

The Rhinelander Steam Laundry under the management of H. S. Sikes is not only turning out a large amount of work but doing it in a highly satisfactory manner.

Wanted.

One or two million feet of logs to saw this fall on a band mill.

D. B. STEVENS & SON.

Lots for Sale

Cheap and on long time.

D. B. STEVENS & SON.

The bondsmen of John Boileau, one of the men charged with riot, surrendered him to the sheriff Monday and withdrew from the bond. Boileau was in jail over night and Tuesday he secured another bond. One of the same men again appears as surety.

Two new business houses will be built on Davenport street as soon as spring opens; Clarence Pierce will put up a two story brick building on the lot next to Paul Browne's and Attorney Shelton will build between that and the Potter drug store.

The Official County Vote.

From the board of canvassers report, which will be completed today, we take the official vote on the important offices. The report in detail will be printed next week. The total vote and majorities are as follows:—

	Vote	Majority
President—Cleveland,	1313	121
Harrison,	1192	
Weaver,	46	
Bidwell,	30	
Governor—Peck,	1328	142
Spooner,	1186	
Richmond,	36	
Butt,	46	
Congress—Lynch,	1280	34
McCard,	1236	
Pergoli,	49	
Senator—Martin,	1334	154
Millard,	1180	
Assembly—Textor,	1291	77
Perkins,	1214	
Co. Clerk—Brennan,	1440	377
Carr,	1063	
Treasurer—Holland,	1446	345
Coon,	1107	
Sheriff—Crove,	1165	
Brazell,	1420	255
Coroner—Tuttle,	1329	154
Jewell,	1175	
Clerk of Sturdevant,	1640	639
Court—Brown,	1001	
Miller,	1207	67
Register—Johnson,	1190	
of Deeds—O'Connor,	1344	154
Surveyor—Rogers,	1322	126
Graham,	1196	
School—Colman,	1413	270
Supt.—Couch,	1143	

STATE OF WISCONSIN, ss
County of Oneida.

In Municipal Court.

To WILLIAM KNAPP:—

You are hereby notified that a summons has been issued against you, and your property garnished to satisfy the demand of John Lavin, amounting to \$13.05; now, unless you shall appear before Paul Brown, Esq., Municipal Judge in and for said Co., at his office in the Village of Rhinelander, in said county, on the 6th day of December, 1892, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, judgment will be rendered against you, and your property sold to pay the debt.

Dated this 12th day of Nov., 1892.

JOHN LAVIN, Plaintiff.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land office at Wausau, Wis.,

Nov. 18, 1892.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of circuit court at Rhinelander, Wis., on Jan. 5, 1893, viz: Tellis Bertrand, H. E. No. 6083, for lot 2, Sec. 17, T. 39 north, R. 9 east.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Charles Girard, Geo. Bertrand, Joseph Thompson and Mike Stalk, of Rhinelander, Wis. E. B. SANDERS, Register.

IN MUNICIPAL COURT.

ONEIDA COUNTY,
TOWN OF PELICAN.

To CHARLES MILLER:—

You are hereby notified that a summons and garnishee has been issued against you and your property garnished to satisfy the demand of James Lamonty. Now, unless you shall appear before Paul Browne, municipal judge in and for said county, at his office in said town, on the 17th day of November, A. D. 1892, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, judgment will be rendered against you and your property sold to pay the debt. JAMES LAMONTY, Plaintiff.

Now is the time to buy your

Winter Clothing

Select From the

Best Assortment in Town

It Costs no More.

at W. L. BEERS'

F. J. Pingry & Co's Furniture Emporium!

Contains at present the largest stock of Furniture ever shown in section. Such as

Chamber Suits,
Parlor Suits,
Wardrobes,
China Closures,
Book Cases,
Office Desks,

All Styles of Chairs, from a kitchen chair to the finest parlor chair.

Our trade since opening has been even larger than we anticipated and our buyer has been kept busy replenishing the stock with the finest styled and best made furniture which markets afford. You can't afford to buy until you see us.

F. J. PINGRY & CO.

"The Best for the Least."

MARTIN & CO.

The Popular Cash Grocers.

Stevens Street, Rhinelander, Wis.

Globe Barber Shop and Bath Room

CHAS. NAYLOR, Proprietor.

Hair Cutting, Shaving, Shampooing, etc., done in first-class order, as soon but the best of workmen are employed. A hot or cold water bath can be secured at a very reasonable price, and satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a call and be convinced.

DAVENPORT STREET.

RHINELANDER, WIS.

\$1.50 PER YEAR.

NEW NORTH.

NEW NORTH.

REYNOLDS PRINTING COMPANY.
RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.

TWO MOODS.

Sometimes I think the world to be
Disgustingly mundane,
With nothing beautiful or good,
But everything lame.
Why will the dust get on my shoes,
The wrinkles in my clothes?
Why must there be sad blemlishes
In everything that grows?
Why is the world with shoddy filled?
Why had the mucker life?
And why must every lovely thing
Be crushed out with its strife?
My cultured soul, with its grand ideals,
Gets shocked on every side;
I'm elbowed if I walk the streets,
I'm jolted if I ride.
I'm sickened by the vulgar crowd
That hustles right and day;
I'm bored to death to sit around
And idle ghosts beneath the spell.
It makes no difference where I am;
All crumbles that I touch.
Shocks my ideals and soils my hands,
And grieves me overmuch,
Until at last, with sickened heart,
I shrink away in pain;
And then I'm forced to think the world
Disgustingly mundane.

But, then, again I find the world
Delightfully mundane—
The dear old world, that offers us
His pleasure with its strife!
My soul grows lonesome by itself;
My shoulders fairly ache
To feel the push of other men
In life's stern give and take.
I feel the blood surge through my veins
Until my muscles swell,
And straightaway all my life ideals
Turn ghosts beneath the spell.
And dust, and dirt, and blemlishes,
Seem dearer to me than
Than any spotless paradise
With artificial men.
The hurdy gurdy's delectable tang,
The street band's awful bray,
The "gent" that takes his "lady friend"
To picnics down the bay.
The baseball crack, the college man,
The swell, and all the rest—
They shock me sometimes, but they touch
A chord within my breast.
Ah! yes; although the world is coarse
And vulgar and profane,
I find it, after all, to be
Delightfully mundane.

—Jury.

WON ON A BLUFF.

Story of a Life Insurance Agent
Who Knows It All.



THE life insurance agent had been telling some good stories of his experiences in the business, and when he had finished the drummer rose up and stretched himself. "I came very near being a life insurance man myself," he said, as he sat down, "but I overreached the limit in the beginning and quit after the first week." "Tell us about it," chorused the crowd, always ready for a yarn. "Well," he said, "when I was about twenty, I was a very flip young man and thought I was cut out for the life insurance business. I had plenty of friends and soon had a job on commissions and four dollars a week salary. I went at it with a rush and button-holed everybody I knew. I talked life insurance all the time and I had an idea that what I didn't know couldn't be learned. The real facts in the case were, I simply didn't know anything. I had the gift of gab and was persuasive in my style, and that went a long way to hide my weaknesses. As to laws and liabilities, and that sort of thing, I may say I was absolutely ignorant. The first week I was at it I made a ten-strike, so to speak, and run in about four men. One of them was for fifty thousand dollars."

The old insurance man looked up quickly. "I had met him at the hotel and he had told me he was a traveling man. He dressed well and was a smooth talker, and when he asked if I could insure him for fifty thousand dollars I was paralyzed with joy. The manager of the company was cautious, but my man answered all the questions in the blanks, passed the medical examination and put up the requisite fee like a little man, and I sent in the application and in three or four days I called in the evening at his hotel with the policy. I met him in the office with a handsome woman, his wife, he said when he introduced me, and he told me to call again at nine o'clock as they were to take the 9:45 train and



"GIVE IT TO ME!"

had some business that demanded attention before nine. Promptly on time I appeared and was shown upstairs to my friend's room. The lady was there looking radiant, and I began to think the life insurance business was the finest thing on earth. I handed out the policy, which by the way, named the wife as beneficiary, and in the cheeriest way possible she took it and locked it up in her bag, and with a pretty little

nod to him and a hearty shake of the hand for me, she excused herself and said she had to join a party of friends and would meet her husband at the station. Then she left with the bag, and her husband locked the door after her.

"Let me see," he said, as he sat down and took out his pocketbook. "I believe the premium on that is in the neighborhood of fifteen hundred dollars."

"Fifteen hundred and sixty, to cover everything," I replied.

"Can you change a thousand dollar bill?" he inquired.

"I laughed at his little joke."

"No," I said, "I can't, I'm afraid," and I looked out a roll of money which I happened to be taking to a man up-town. "I've got eight one hundred dollar bills here, but that isn't enough."

"Give it to me!" he exclaimed, making a grab for it.

"I jumped back and for the first time noticed the face of my friend. There was business all over it, and ugly business."

"What do you mean?" I almost yelled.

"Don't be so loud," he whispered. "I mean to have that money."

"Well, I guess not," I said, coolly, as I pulled a pistol which I had in my pocket as a guard for the money I was carrying, and what I expected to get from him, though I had scarcely thought to use it under these circumstances.

"That's all right, my chicken," he laughed. "If you kill me it will cost your insurance company fifty thousand dollars, for that policy is good for it, I guess."

"I dropped my gun as if the man had shot me. Of course the policy was good for its face, and its face was fifty thousand dollars. I couldn't kill him and take the chances."

"And don't make any disturbance or call for anybody," he continued, "or I'll just cut my throat with your pen-knife I have here in my hand, and will not only be in for the fifty thousand dollars, but you will have some trouble in explaining how it happened, whether neither knife, pistol nor other deadly weapon can be found in this room, except what belongs to you. I'm a desperate man and you might as well fork over that money and such other valuables as you may be possessed of and call it square."

"I tried to think of some plan to escape, but my brain was in a whirl, and I couldn't do a thing, but stand there. He was very polite, however, and came to my assistance by removing the eight hundred dollars from my person, besides fifty dollars of my own, also one gold watch and chain worth one hundred dollars; one diamond stud worth twenty-five dollars, and one gold ring eighteen karat, worth ten dollars. Then he carefully tied me to the bed, put a nice little gag in my mouth, packed my stuff in his bag, turned out the gas, bade me good-by, and, locking the door, went softly whistling down

the hall and off to meet his wife at the train. As for myself, I stayed on the bed, sleeping and waking until the next afternoon, when the chamber maids came in to see what the matter was with No. 13. Of course, I told my story not only then, but later to the manager of the company and to the police, but my friend was gone, nobody knew whether, and if it hadn't happened that my father was able to make good that eight hundred dollars, there's no telling whether I'd gone to the penitentiary or not, for the evidence was against me. A year later I was cleared of suspicion, however, by the arrest of my friend in New York for trying to work another fellow as he had worked me, and the whole story came out."

"You ought to have stayed at it," said the life insurance man, gasping.

"Why?" inquired the drummer, seriously.

"Because, such a classic liar as you are would have been an honor to the traditions of the profession," and the old agent went outside where he could breathe more easily.—Detroit Free Press.

From the Model Novel.

Faithful to her promise, and with beating heart, she noiselessly glided along the dimly lit corridor, in which reigned the awful stillness of death.

At the door of the "blue chamber" she paused for an instant, and, giving one swift, frightened glance around, disappeared into the recesses of the mysterious apartment, within whose walls lay hidden the silent family secret of Granmore Grange.

A moment later a sudden, piercing shriek rang out upon the midnight air—a cry startling in its agonizing wail.

Without delay the door was rapidly burst open by the hastily-awakened household, when, to their horror and amazement, a heartrending sight met their gaze.

Crouching in a corner, her eyes transfixed in terror, lay Hester Harclage, pointing to the other end of the room.

"Speak, girl," cried her father, in a voice trembling with rage; "tell me what you have seen!"

"Father," she entreated, "do not reproach me—be merciful, I implore you—I saw—a spider!"—Boston Globe.

A THANKSGIVING FEAST.



ETWO are the last, my daughter. To set the table for two. Where once we had plates for twenty, is a lonesome thing to do. But my boys and girls are scattered to the west and east, and he who was dearer than children has passed through the gates ajar.

I'm wanting my brains for Thanksgiving. I thought last night, as I lay awake in my bed and watching for the breaking of the day. How my heart would leap in gladness if a letter should come this morn'g to say that they could not leave us here to keep the feast forlorn.

Samuel, my son in Dakota, is a rich man, as I hear, and he'll never let me approach us. Save the wanting of him near; White Jack is in San Francisco, and Edward over the sea, and only my little Jessie is bidding at home with me.

And I feel like poor Naomi. When back to her own she went, and they said: "Is this Naomi?"

She well knew what they meant. I've staid, and the birds have wandered, and the time that we used to go when I was brisk and busy.

Is laggard and dull and slow. Oh! the happy time for a mother when her children are small, and into the nursery beds at night she gathers her darlings all; when the wee ones are about her, with gleeful noise and cry, and she hushes the tumult with a smile, her brood beneath her eye.

THE HAPPY TIME FOR A MOTHER. But a mother must bear her burden when her babes are boisterous men. On change and in the army, or scratching away with a pen in some banker's dusty office, As Martin is, no doubt—A mother must bear her burden, and learn to do without.

I know the Scripture teaching, To keep the halt and blind, And the homesick and the desol'd At the festal hour in mind. Of the fat and the sweet a portion I'll send to the poor man's door, But I'm wearying for my children To sit at my board once more.

I tell you, Jessie, my darling, This living for money and pelf, It takes the heart from life, dear! It cuts a man of himself. This old bleak hill-side hamlet, That sends its boys away, Has a right to claim them back, dear, On the fair Thanksgiving day.

Shame on my foolish fretting! Here are letters, a perfect sheet: Open them quickly, dearest! Ah, me, 'tis beyond belief: By ship and train they're hastening, Rushing along on the way. Tell the neighbors all my children Will be here Thanksgiving day.

—Harper's Bazar.

THE RAREST FEAST.

"We'll have a goose to-morrow, ma—Thanksgiving day, ye know."

"An' have Joseph's folks come down?"

"What's what I said, but no. Ma loved that turkey'd be the best. An' said it out so fat. It raised my grit, an' so I says: 'Well, now, jus' think of that!'"

"That old gray goose is fit to kill, An' jus' the thing to eat. For such a day, when folks'll want 'To have some kind of treat.'"

"Whoever heerd?" says ma again, "O' havin' Thanksgiving meat. Without a turkey, roasted hull?"

But I turns on my heel!

An' starts up toward the door, an' says: "Oh, falkin' ain't no use. But common sense is on my side. 'N' I shall kill that goose."

Jus' then I looked at little May. Who sat there in her chair, Just like she alters had to set (She couldn't stir from there).

An' then I says: "Well, little one, You settle this dispute! (For she was talkin' with her eyes, Although her lips was mute). 'What'll we have to-morrow, dear? Now, you shall have your say.'"

She looks up, shy, an' says out soft: "Lo! we have Thanksgiving' day!"

Well, you can guess that little speech Has stayed with me an' me, Though she that said it's gone away To where she's well at free. Thanksgiving's come again, an' we Jus' think of little May. So we don't worry 'bout the food, But have—Thanksgiving' day.

—Myrtle K. Cherryman, in Detroit Free Press.

BETTER SHE.

THIS first visit of Brice Bellingham, who was considered one of the best of fellows in his social circle, and of whom his relatives might be proud without a penance involved.

Slender were the facilities at Felton Falls for showing him off, while great was his aunt's ambition on that score. Some means must be found for bringing him into the focus of the Robinsons, who had just settled in the place, and were reputed very rich and refined people.

If you have ever been at Felton Falls you will recollect that as you come up from the little railroad station and leave behind the cluster of dwellings with a single white spire pointing upward from their midst, Mrs. Jones' ornate cottage comes into view, standing on the right hand of the road; and a short distance beyond, along the plain upon your left, rises by far the most pretentious residence of the place; close beyond which again is a cottage so humble as to seem poorly worth considering except for the connection its inmates have with this veracious tale.

It was to the house beautiful that the Robinsons had come. It had been built two years before, but never occupied, for the reason that its owner died at the very time it was completed, and it had taken the interval to settle the estate. Now it is well known that not even a melon patch or fruit trees in their season of luxury are more irresistible to raiding youngsters than is a vacant dwelling, however inexplicable the fact may be. The incoming family could hardly have been aware of the abuse the fine house had suffered, or they would have given it three weeks' grace in the hands of the repairers, instead of calling it home and afterward putting it into a homelike condition, especially with the husband and father an invalid, and just at Thanksgiving time.

In the small house nestled so near the large one lived Mrs. Brown and her daughter—"poor but respectable." Being Mrs. Jones' nearest neighbor hitherto, Mrs. Brown had received many attentions from that rich but respectable lady. But one day, alas! earlier in the year of which we are speaking, there came a breach of friendship. Their trouble began in the sewing circle, and Mrs. Brown was irreverent enough to say even in the church vestry that Mrs. Jones was no more nor less than a purse-proud aristocrat, and she wanted no more of her patronizing. This was repeated to Mrs. Jones, and the neighbors all at once ceased to be neighborly.

To return to Thanksgiving eve at Mrs. Jones'. Brice Bellingham had scarcely been an hour in the house when he followed his aunt to the kitchen—feeling already privileged—and found her standing at a table packing a hamper with such provisions as grace the cuisine of the well-to-do when a Thanksgiving dinner is in course of preparation. Conspicuous among these were a fat turkey, stuffed and made ready for the roasting pan, two mince pies of glorious diameter, and a

head of celery beautifully bleached and of a quality to almost melt in the mouth.

"Ah," exclaimed Brice, "my good aunt is on benevolent thought intent, if I read the signs correctly. Now so far as a good dinner goes," he went on, smiling and watching the basket, "I might as well be some poor neighbor of yours as to be what I am, your adoring nephew."

"I have a neighbor who is not an object of charity," began Mrs. Jones, "or would not be but for present difficulties. I wanted to lend a hand but am feeling dubious at the prospect. My man Peter drove away this afternoon for Hoosic, with directions in case of not finding there what he was sent for to go on to Parkboro. It looks as if he had gone on, otherwise he would have been at home before this; and if so he will come too late to carry out my basket to-night. I should prefer on several accounts to send it under cover of dusk. I have let Bridget go to spend to-morrow at her cousin's, and Mary has lamed her foot; so there is no one—"

"Pray, aunt, allow me to be your almoner," interrupted Brice, eagerly. "I will manage to turn it into an adventure to tell at the club when I get back to town."

Aunt Jones could not resist his persuasive eloquence, that so well harmonized with her desires, and consented with thanks expressed and unexpressed—her dinner device including rather more than she chose to tell. With the knowledge that the "unexpected had happened" to the new family in the non-arrival of servants, this method of leaping into free relations with them had suggested itself; that she looked forward with satisfaction to the stinging jealousy poor Mrs. Brown would feel—her unhappy and only share in the social intercommunication going on before her eyes—was Mrs. Jones' own secret. In her strained relations with Mrs. Brown, she hoped that person

would see what she had brought upon herself, and she had no idea of conquering a peace by milder measures. An outline of the existing state of things with the Robinson family that his aunt gave Brice by way of preliminary to his undertaking was in the exhilaration of the hour as good as lost upon him—it went in at one ear and out at the other, as the saying is.

"If you should get a glimpse of one of those pretty young ladies," finally remarked Aunt Jones, balancing the burden on an arm fairly well equipped with muscle through athletic exercise—her smile was a captivating finish to the sentence.

Immediately the young man was off on his errand under the starry canopy of the broad country skies, finding the situation, taken in all its bearings, sufficiently novel and even intoxicating. He had forgotten to don his goshaws, and tramped through miry places regardless of the fact that a "shine" was no more to be had at Felton Falls than was a chariot of the Pharaohs. As he was about to turn in at the mansion gate, he made the discovery that the name of the people to whom he had been sent had dropped out of his mind.

"'Twas something common—very," reflected the nephew of his aunt in striving to remind himself—"not Smith, though. No matter—it's gone from me; I will inquire for the lady of the house, or bridge the difficulty some other way. If I blunder, these children of the frontier won't know it. Well—but how is this?—I am blundering woefully already."

Brice had surprised himself facing a low, broad flight of marble steps conducting to a stately veranda supported by Corinthian columns, with French windows uncurtained and unlighted, staring across at him. The truth was that the family were meeting their exigencies in the rear rooms as quietly as possible. Brice had good reason for thinking nobody lived there; and he added—oblivious of his aunt's explanations—that neither was this a home to welcome donations for the mortal body. What was it he had said about a house that had suffered from ill-usage, and that sort of thing?

"Ah!" In returning toward the gate Brice got his first view of the cottage, crouching in the shadow of the grander edifice, and for a moment stood transfixed. At a little window sat a young woman sewing by the light of a lamp that presented her clear-cut portrait to the beholder. "This is the place, of course, and that the pretty girl," thought the young man. His memory had been faithful where a pretty girl was concerned. He passed into the road. A laud was seen approaching who just then broke into whistling a popular tune—a kind of proclamation of innocence, probably, in regard to the desecration

that had been going on close by, at the mansion just come out of its long swoon.

"Can you tell me who lives in that cottage, my boy?" asked the stranger in Felton Falls.

"Mis' Brown lives there now," drawled the young native, with hands deeply pocketed in a pair of immense trousers.

Brice thanked his informer and was passing on, when the other recovered from his wonderment sufficiently to call out: "Und she lived there allays, fur's I know."

"Yes, yes, Brown's the name," thought Brice, with much satisfaction. "I won't get it mixed with Smith and Robinson any more. Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Brown—that's it. And a young lady as pretty as a pink sitting with bent head at a window, the unconscious object of admiration."

The conscious admirer had reached the door over whose threshold, only a few inches above the surface of the ground, trailed the sere weeds of autumn. Having fumbled in vain for a bell knob, he knocked. At the sound the fair needlewoman arose quickly, paused to reach up and lower the shade from the top of the window, opened the door and appeared before the stranger with modest self-possession, a tall, slender figure in a pink print wrapper ruffled low about a white and shapely neck.

"My aunt, Mrs. Jones, sends compliments, and begs Mrs. Brown's acceptance of a few articles suited to the season; hoping, as well, that she will kindly excuse all deficiencies and be 'barnal-ity.'"

Except for the accidental substitution of Brown for Robinson, Brice had delivered his aunt's message verbatim, and had done it with the address she credited him with when she withdrew from the basket the note prepared in view of sending it by the serving man. Then saying another good evening, he

turned away as hastily as if each moment were precious.

Aunt Jones sat building air castles when Brice reentered, running his fingers through his dark curling locks and announcing triumphantly—as if the experience had not taken his breath away. "I saw her, sure enough, aunt."

"Which one?" was inquired.

"Oh, then there are more of her! The lovely girl who received your Thanksgiving offering with such grace may be about quitting her teens, I should say."

"Yes, that is she," responded the other, smiling her gratification. "Alicia is her name. There is a married daughter, I have heard, and there are twins of fourteen or fifteen. When you come again, Brice, say before the holidays are over, I will have the young lady and her mother to tea. Miss Alicia is said to be very accomplished and charming. I expect to be on terms of intimacy with them directly."

At this interesting point a rumble of wheels came to their ears, and Mrs. Jones and Brice Bellingham hurried forth to welcome a carriage full of friends—further arrivals in honor of the occasion. From that hour until another nightfall joy and duty centered in themselves.

It was Thanksgiving night and Mrs. Jones was temporarily alone, Brice having gone to the station to witness the departure, as he said, of all but himself.

A boy, the same whom Brice had met on the road—the too early inheritor of his father's greatness in trousers—rang the bell and put into the mistress's hand a note. With a glance at the neat superscription she opened and read:

"Dear Mrs. Jones: Mother requests me to express her almost painfully deep sense of your goodness in making so bountiful provision for our wants on this ever-favorite anniversary, asking also that you will in the same Christian spirit forget as you have evidently forgiven all words and acts which have disturbed your friendly intercourse and been a source of infinite regret to her."

"I am gratefully and respectfully yours," "MAY K. BROWN."

Thrice the bewildered recipient read this missive; then the truth flashed upon her. But even at this point she was rather overwhelmed with humiliation than sorry for the mistake her messenger had made in the delivery of her Thanksgiving supplies. The apparent error struck her as an interposition of Providence, the wisdom whereof she durst not question. "The woman need not ask my pardon," she murmured with bowed head; "I have been far more at fault than she in this quarrel that might, if it had gone on, infected the whole parish."

Brice Bellingham, on his return from the station noted his aunt's air of abstraction, attributing it to the departure of those dear to her heart, amid the uncertainties that attend our fleeting years, also doubtless to tender associations of the day with kindred and friends who were now only a blessed memory.

How Mrs. Jones builded better than she knew, and what share his ridiculous inadvertence had had in the transforming of events, Brice never dreamed. No, not even when a year later his marriage was celebrated in that lady's smiling presence, and he bore away his bride (guess whom?) the proudest and the happiest man who ever breathed the atmosphere of Felton Falls.—Lavinia S. Goodwin, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Threads of Thought for Thanksgiving. Offer thanks and give thank offerings. Be grateful for life, if for nothing else. Be like the harvest of the year, good and generous. Kind wishes are good, but good deeds are better. Our deeds seal our words in the record of our lives. Let words and deeds be the signal lights of your faith. Give, now, to the living. You cannot send your gifts beyond the grave. The little acts of kindness count high in the book of remembrance. Heaven's twin angels, Love and Pity, whisper in our hearts: "Remember others."

If you have not gifts of gold to bestow donate gems of kind words.—Detroit Free Press.

A THANKSGIVING FAIR.

The greedy turkey gobbled up the goodly fare and grew fatter, day by day, but the proudest turkey, suspicious of such bountiful grub, refused to eat it, and grew rapidly thinner.

Finally the master came and said: "Better keep the fat turkey for Christmas; if we do not kill the thin turkey, he may die on our hands."—Brooklyn Life.

For His Health. Mrs. Han—"Why don't you come out from under the barn? They are throwing corn out and all the fowls are there." Mr. Turkey—"Thanks; I'm here for my health at this time of year."—Minneapolis Journal.

Young Benedict's Trial. Although he wears a smiling face His humor's somewhat jerky, For well he knows that after grace He'll have to carve the turkey!—Judge.

Slender were the facilities at Felton Falls for showing him off, while great was his aunt's ambition on that score. Some means must be found for bringing him into the focus of the Robinsons, who had just settled in the place, and were reputed very rich and refined people.

If you have ever been at Felton Falls you will recollect that as you come up from the little railroad station and leave behind the cluster of dwellings with a single white spire pointing upward from their midst, Mrs. Jones' ornate cottage comes into view, standing on the right hand of the road; and a short distance beyond, along the plain upon your left, rises by far the most pretentious residence of the place; close beyond which again is a cottage so humble as to seem poorly worth considering except for the connection its inmates have with this veracious tale.

It was to the house beautiful that the Robinsons had come. It had been built two years before, but never occupied, for the reason that its owner died at the very time it was completed, and it had taken the interval to settle the estate. Now it is well known that not even a melon patch or fruit trees in their season of luxury are more irresistible to raiding youngsters than is a vacant dwelling, however inexplicable the fact may be. The incoming family could hardly have been aware of the abuse the fine house had suffered, or they would have given it three weeks' grace in the hands of the repairers, instead of calling it home and afterward putting it into a homelike condition, especially with the husband and father an invalid, and just at Thanksgiving time.

In the small house nestled so near the large one lived Mrs. Brown and her daughter—"poor but respectable." Being Mrs. Jones' nearest neighbor hitherto, Mrs. Brown had received many attentions from that rich but respectable lady. But one day, alas! earlier in the year of which we are speaking, there came a breach of friendship. Their trouble began in the sewing circle, and Mrs. Brown was irreverent enough to say even in the church vestry that Mrs. Jones was no more nor less than a purse-proud aristocrat, and she wanted no more of her patronizing. This was repeated to Mrs. Jones, and the neighbors all at once ceased to be neighborly.

To return to Thanksgiving eve at Mrs. Jones'. Brice Bellingham had scarcely been an hour in the house when he followed his aunt to the kitchen—feeling already privileged—and found her standing at a table packing a hamper with such provisions as grace the cuisine of the well-to-do when a Thanksgiving dinner is in course of preparation. Conspicuous among these were a fat turkey, stuffed and made ready for the roasting pan, two mince pies of glorious diameter, and a



BRICE STOOD TRANSFIXED.

head of celery beautifully bleached and of a quality to almost melt in the mouth.

"Ah," exclaimed Brice, "my good aunt is on benevolent thought intent, if I read the signs correctly. Now so far as a good dinner goes," he went on, smiling and watching the basket, "I might as well be some poor neighbor of yours as to be what I am, your adoring nephew."

"I have a neighbor who is not an object of charity," began Mrs. Jones, "or would not be but for present difficulties. I wanted to lend a hand but am feeling dubious at the prospect. My man Peter drove away this afternoon for Hoosic, with directions in case of not finding there what he was sent for to go on to Parkboro. It looks as if he had gone on, otherwise he would have been at home before this; and if so he will come too late to carry out my basket to-night. I should prefer on several accounts to send it under cover of dusk. I have let Bridget go to spend to-morrow at her cousin's, and Mary has lamed her foot; so there is no one—"

"Pray, aunt, allow me to be your almoner," interrupted Brice, eagerly. "I will manage to turn it into an adventure to tell at the club when I get back to town."

Aunt Jones could not resist his persuasive eloquence, that so well harmonized with her desires, and consented with thanks expressed and unexpressed—her dinner device including rather more than she chose to tell. With the knowledge that the "unexpected had happened" to the new family in the non-arrival of servants, this method of leaping into free relations with them had suggested itself; that she looked forward with satisfaction to the stinging jealousy poor Mrs. Brown would feel—her unhappy and only share in the social intercommunication going on before her eyes—was Mrs. Jones' own secret. In her strained relations with Mrs. Brown, she hoped that person

would see what she had brought upon herself, and she had no idea of conquering a peace by milder measures. An outline of the existing state of things with the Robinson family that his aunt gave Brice by way of preliminary to his undertaking was in the exhilaration of the hour as good as lost upon him—it went in at one ear and out at the other, as the saying is.

"If you should get a glimpse of one of those pretty young ladies," finally remarked Aunt Jones, balancing the burden on an arm fairly well equipped with muscle through athletic exercise—her smile was a captivating finish to the sentence.

Immediately the young man was off on his errand under the starry canopy of the broad country skies, finding the situation, taken in all its bearings, sufficiently novel and even intoxicating. He had forgotten to don his goshaws, and tramped through miry places regardless of the fact that a "shine" was no more to be had at Felton Falls than was a chariot of the Pharaohs. As he was about to turn in at the mansion gate, he made the discovery that the name of the people to whom he had been sent had dropped out of his mind.

"'Twas something common—very," reflected the nephew of his aunt in striving to remind himself—"not Smith, though. No matter—it's gone from me; I will inquire for the lady of the house, or bridge the difficulty some other way. If I blunder, these children of the frontier won't know it. Well—but how is this?—I am blundering woefully already."

Brice had surprised himself facing a low, broad flight of marble steps conducting to a stately veranda supported by Corinthian columns, with French windows uncurtained and unlighted, staring across at him. The truth was that the family were meeting their exigencies in the rear rooms as quietly as possible. Brice had good reason for thinking nobody lived there; and he added—oblivious of his aunt's explanations—that neither was this a home to welcome donations for the mortal body. What was it he had said about a house that had suffered from ill-usage, and that sort of thing?

"Ah!" In returning toward the gate Brice got his first view of the cottage, crouching in the shadow of the grander edifice, and for a moment stood transfixed. At a little window sat a young woman

Lewis Hardware Co., RHINELANDER

..... ACORN STOVES AND RANGES.

..... THE LARGEST STOCK OF MILL AND LUMBERMEN'S SUPPLIES IN THE CITY.

A Complete Assortment of Belting, Packing and Lacing Paints, Oils, Glass, Varnishes, Etc.



My Dear when I send you up town to buy groceries I want you to go where I tell you. The 40c tea you get at Jewell's is as good as this you paid 50 cents for.

I have a nice lot of Gilt Edge dairy butter in ten pound firkins.

Butter is down and quality is better.

Call and see me if in need of any.

Have you ever used Duluth "Imperial" flour? Guaranteed to give satisfaction where all others fail.

Try it. Car just in.

W. S. JEWELL.

Ripans Tablets move the bowels.
Ripans Tablets: gentle cathartic.
Ripans Tablets cure indigestion.
Ripans Tablets: one gives relief.
Ripans Tablets are of great value.
Ripans Tablets cure torpid liver.
Ripans Tablets cure liver troubles.
Ripans Tablets purify the blood.

Wm. SHUMANN,

—Proprietor of—

Union Market.

Fresh, Salt and Smoked Meats at Reasonable Prices. Manufacturers of

SHUMANN'S

FAMOUS SAUSAGES.

The Best in the City. Try it.

Mason St., Rhinelander.

LIVERY AND BOARDING
STABLE.

The Best of Carriages and Horses on hand day or night. Careful drivers unshined when desired. Moderate Charges. Give us a call.

W. D. JOSLIN & CO.

INSURANCE! : : :

JAMES M. HARRIGAN Ins. Life, Accident Liability and Boiler Insurance for sale and is Special Agent for the following companies National Life Standard Accident American Casualty Persons Desiring Insurance Will do well to see him. None but the best.

MERCHANTS STATE

BANK.

Capital, \$50,000.

Earned Surplus, \$10,000.

Interest paid on time deposits

W. D. HARRIGAN

—DEALER IN—

Brick, Lime, Hair, Sand,

Adamant, Fire Clay and Brick

Cements of all kinds, Hard and Soft Coal, Wood etc. Orders by mail promptly attended. Office in Harrigan's Block.

THE MERRILL

Tri-Chloride of Gold Cure Co.

Furnishes an absolute cure for Drunkenness, Morphine, Tobacco and Kindred Habits. Full information, terms and treatise on these diseases furnished to those interested.

L. B. COLLIER, M. D. Manager, Merrill, Wis.

FRANK A. LAPPEN & Co.

AMERICA'S

Greatest Furnishers

17, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, Grand Ave. Milwaukee

Carpets,
Furniture,
Draperies,
Crockery,
Bedding,
Stoves &
Ranges.

We pay the freight to any point within 150 miles of Milwaukee, Wis.

CARPETS.

Lowell Body Brussels, 90c.

Lowell Ingrain, 49c.

All other makes just below other stores' prices. We boast greatly of our carpet smartness. Give us the opportunity by calling and see if we should not be proud of our stock.

CHAMBER SUITS.

Buying big by selecting so admirably, selling so closely on the heels of the first cost—brings trade to our ever popular Chamber Suit Department. We've a handsome three piece Chamber Suit for \$12.50
Another one for \$15.00
Another one for \$16.50
And so on all the way up.

Garnishing up one's home nest is the most fascinating thing in life.

We've the handsomest line of Lace Curtains in the city in our Drapery department. The ones we mention below come in two prices, \$5.00 and \$6.00, Caledonian by name. No other store has them.

Then the Bamboo Curtains, beautiful designs, \$2.50.

Easels, screens, etc.—all the little fancies that please the woman who takes delight in garnishing up her home nest.

It isn't every day that you get a \$3.50 lamp for \$1.98, yet that's the case here.

STOVE HINTS.

A little fore thought, plenty of dry wood and a heating stove go a long way toward making a happy home. Our stove department is complete in every respect.

HEATING STOVES

For \$4.50, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.75, \$9.00, \$10.75, \$11.00, \$12.50, \$15.50, \$17.50, \$18.00, \$21.00, \$23.00, \$25.00 on up.

DINING TABLES.

\$3.75, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.75, \$8.50, \$9.50 up. Over a hundred to choose from.

We pay the freight to any point within 150 miles of Milwaukee.

J. Weisen's

Provision Depot!

Is always stocked with seasonable goods. The finest butter, eggs and everything usual found in a provision store. Potatoes at wholesale or retail. Give us a call. Brown street.

Don't Forget the Place

Lake View House.

CHAS. WILSON, PROP.

Day and week board at reasonable rates. A first-class house in every respect. Headquarters for Michigan men

Oneida House.

Thos. Crowley, Prop.

—First-class Hotel in Every Respect—

Headquarters for Commercial Men. Large Sample Room. Rates \$1.50 per day.

T. A. CHAPMAN CO.

Winter Season.

We are showing a large and well selected Stock of Garment for Winter Wear, including

Plain and Fur Trimmed Jackets,

Coats and Ulsters, Plush Jackets, Cloth Capes and Wraps. A large line of Seal Coats, Small Furs and Fur Trimmings guaranteed to wear.

Colored Dress Goods, Both imported and of domestic manufacture from 25c a yard upward.

Black Dress Goods in a large variety of new weaves. We make a Specialty of Mourning Goods.

Silk Dress Goods The largest assortment of Plain and Fancy Silks ever before shown by us, including black and colored velvets. We will send samples.

T. A. Chapman Co., Milwaukee.

W. S. JEWELL,

—SOLE AGENT.

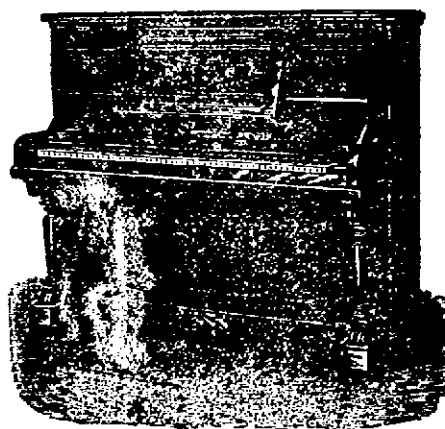
Hallet &

Davis,

Arion &

Hale

Pianos.



Kimball

New

Scale

Pianos,

Organs.

Kimball and Great Western Organs --- The Finest Made.

As a FIRST-CLASS Piano

The Hallet & Davis has yet to find a Superior.

For Catalogues and Prices Call on or Address

W. S. JEWELL, Agent,

Rhineland, Wisconsin.

Globe Barber Shop and Bath Room

CHAS. NAYLOR, Proprietor.

Hair Cutting, Shaving, Shampooing, etc., done in first-class order, as soon but the best of workmen are employed. A hot or cold water bath can be secured at a very reasonable price, and satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a call and be convinced.

DAVENPORT STREET.

RHINELANDER, WIS

H. LEWIS,
Wine, Liquor and Cigar
MERCHANT.

Stoutman Block. Rhineland, Wis

My goods are the very best, and I can supply customers at Chicago and Louisville wholesale prices.

Fine California Wines a Specialty.

Give me a call and sample goods and prices

D. CONOVER, L. F. PORTER, H. P. PADLEY
Conover, Porter & Padley,
ARCHITECTS.

Pioneer block, Knight block,
Madison, Wis. Ashland, Wis.

FIRST NATIONAL
Bank of Rhineland.
Rhineland, Wisconsin
DO A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Best Protection for Funds.

ONEIDA COUNTY LAND AND ABSTRACT CO

Complete Abstract of all Lands in Oneida County.

A General Land Business Transacted

Office in Court House.

RHINELANDER. WISCONSIN

Shuttler & Risch,
MERCHANT TAILORS.

A Good Fit Guaranteed in Every Case,
The Quality of Goods Guaranteed.

.. Call and be Convinced ..

The Price Tells.
The Quality Sells.

J. B. SCHELL,
Merchant Tailor!

Brown Street, Rhineland.

A Full Line of Foreign and Domestic Cloths always on hand. If you want a first-class perfect-fitting suit call on me.

The Giant Sleigh Mfg Co.

—Manufacturers of—

Wagons and Sleighs

General Blacksmithing

Repairing Done on Short Notice.

We Also Have an Expert Horseshoer. •

E. G. SQUIER

—DEALER IN—

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Etc.,

Repairing and Engraving Neatly Done.

Carry a full stock of the best make of watches in the best gold and silver cases at very low prices.

Store in Faunt's Block.

Rhineland, Wisconsin

Rhineland Hospital.

A FIRST-CLASS INSTITUTION.

For \$6.00 your doctor's bill, nursing and board is paid, and a home provided you in case of sickness or injury. During the period of one year. No man without a home can afford to be without a ticket on this hospital. We will take pleasure in showing you through the hospital at any time.

McINDOE & DANIELS,
Resident Surgeons.

RHINELANDER

WISCONSIN.

Central Market, STEVENS ST.

JAS. GLEASON,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

MEATS, PROVISIONS, FISH AND GAME.

Our customers can rely upon securing good fresh meat, fair treatment and low prices as it can be sold for. We solicit a share of the city trade. Market next to C. O. D. Store. RHINELANDER, WIS.

Office in Gray's block.

11

(CONTINUED ON EIGHT PAGE.)

CHAS. E. CRUSOE & CO.,
Great Bargain Dry Goods and Clothing House

SPAFFORD AND COLE.

A Complete Ass



ACCUSED BY A CLOCK

The Ingenious Device That Brought a Murderer to Justice.

Lierret, the clockmaker, was only thirty years of age, but he was inclined to sadness, and was not talkative. He had known a great sorrow. Seven years before, while he was serving in the army, his father had been murdered—in the shop now occupied by the son. Who was the assassin? On whom could he avenge the old man who had never done harm to anybody, and had been so kind to him? Justice had failed to lay hand upon the murderer and robber who had carried off four thousand pounds, saved son by son by the father for the son.

All researches had been fruitless. Lierret had finished his time of service in the army, and as soon as he was free he returned and established himself in the murdered man's shop, determined to drive away care by labor. But it was clear that suffering was gnawing at his heart. At nightfall he wandered about the village in search of the criminal.

Time passed—weeks, months, years. The murder was forgotten by all save the orphan and the other, who could not but remember it.

Quite recently Lierret had gone to Paris and remained there several days making purchases, bringing back with him a magnificent clock which caused everybody who saw it to long to possess it.

"Come in, gentlemen," said Lierret to the admiring groups who pressed closely about his shop window.

"What is the price of it?"

"One hundred pounds."

"Does it strike?"

"Certainly, listen."

The clockmaker caused the bell to sound—clear, sonorous, silvery.

"But nobody will buy it," said Lierret. "I am afraid I have done a foolish thing in bringing it from Paris."

"Oh, that depends, Lierret! We are not rich enough, but there is somebody here—"

"Really! Whom?"

"Eh! Locard—good looking Locard—who is going to marry and doesn't mind what he spends."

"If you would not mind putting in a word for me—"

"With pleasure; and—who knows?—by touching him on the side of his vanity—"

"You would be doing me a great service."

Jacques Locard was not very much liked and that for several reasons. In the first place he had made his fortune too suddenly. It had come to him from the clouds by the intermediary of a notary—oh! not of this village, but of a long way off, over the mountains—an inheritance which had at once put him at his ease, and he had increased this by dabbling in business.

For all that he was cloistered, spoke in a loud voice, swaggered in the street drank heavily and had a following. When anybody wanted to loosen his purse strings for a bowl of punch or a bottle of champagne they knew on which side to deal with him. A man like him—the king of the country! He wagged his head and allowed himself to be taken in.

The thing, however, was not so easy as it had at first seemed to be. When the name of Lierret was pronounced before Locard it evidently produced an unpleasant effect on that person's nerves. He disliked Lierret, that was clear. Well, everybody is free to like or dislike according to his impressions, is he not? Lierret—a pettifogger, an idler! No, not he was not that; but even if he were, what had that to do with the greatest wonder that had ever been seen in the place? Besides, it cost nothing to look at it.

While talking, Locard drank absinthe. He began to get warm, saying: "Yes," saying "No," and finally consenting to stroll as far as the clockmaker's shop, then withdrawing his consent.

"Why, anyone would say you are afraid to go to Lierret's?"

"Afraid! What do I care for Lierret? Come on."

The little watchmaker was at the bench, his magnifying glass in his right eye, bending over the works of a watch. Certainly he was not looking at anything that was going on outside of his shop; yet he saw, very plainly observed the approaching group, and something very much like a smile might have been seen to play about his lips as he did so. He hoped for a customer, and to a poor tradesman that must always be a pleasant feeling, must it not? Oh, doubtless. But of all possible customers Lierret hoped for one, and that one was now at the door.

Locard entered.

"Is that it?" he said, contemptuously.

Lierret rose politely. Locard turned

his back upon it—from pride evidently. In short, he immediately agreed to give £100, and threw down a £5 note on account, on condition that the clock should be that same evening installed in his dining-room at his house.

"This evening, friends," cried Locard. "We'll drink to my new piece of furniture."

"At what hour?"

"Nine o'clock."

As soon as Lierret found himself quite alone, he burned the bank note in the flame of a candle. Then he went into the room behind the shop and took up a small box, on which there were pasted New York labels. Returning, he opened the case of the clock, no doubt to regulate the movement.

Within the promised time it was placed amid the rich furniture of Locard's dining-room.

Around the table, from which, point upward, a goodly array of bottles stand, Locard and his old friends drink, laugh and sing.

Eleven o'clock, the silver bell records the hour. What a voice—a song, rather! One could listen to it through the whole night. Midnight—the voice puts forth all its delightful power.

Attention! One, two! Light the punch! The flame flits, goblin like, over the surface of the bowl, lapping it with upturned tongues of yellow and blue. The sugar fizzles. Now put out the lamp. Huzzah! Huzzah! the clock is going to strike.

No, it speaks.

"Jacques Locard! Jacques Locard!"

"Eh! Who spoke! Who said that?"

"Jacques Locard! Confess! Confess!"

"Locard! Locard! What jest is this? How very pale you are!"

The voice sounds as if it came from the cellar.

"Jacques Locard, you are a murderer!"

"It is false! Who has dared to say that?"

"Jacques Locard, it is you who killed old Lierret! Assassin!"

There are cries, groans. Locard has risen to his feet—lost, mad. He clutches at his cravat to tear it from his strangling throat. The voice still pitilessly continues—voiled, distant, as if coming from the tomb. It repeats the word "assassin."

Locard falls upon his knees, rises and falls again.

"I confess! I confess!" he cries. "Yes, it was I who killed the old man, and robbed him; but let that horrible voice cease!"

It did not stop, but went on repeating its dreadful denunciations with the persistence of a machine in motion.

"It is the clock that speaks!" screamed Locard, seizing it, shaking it, dragging it from its place, casting it upon the floor. The works were scattered, and in their midst was seen a small cylinder covered with metallic paper.

Lierret, who had heard all, sprang into the room through the open window and seized Locard by the throat.

"You are all witnesses that this man is the murderer of my father!" he cried.

Murder will out; but men who take the lives of their fellow men for gain always think their cunning more than a match for proverbial wisdom. So thought Locard, and had not seven years' impunity justified his estimate of his own cleverness? No; it had only put him off the guard which the murderer must never for a moment cease to keep. The police had utterly failed to track him down—had not even associated him in any way with the crime; yet there had been a detective at his heels, as he now saw with horror.

A few years in the army do one of two things—sharpen or deaden the wits of a soldier; they sharpened Lierret's. The failure of the police left in his mind a deep and bitter disappointment. His father had been cruelly murdered and robbed, almost in the light of day—a kindly but undemonstrative man, respected by all his old townsmen; who was never known to have made an enemy, who had many friends—Locard among the number: Who but one of his friends could have known that he had, by the merest accident of circumstances, the whole savings of his life in his possession that day, in view of an advantageous investment, to be completed on the morrow that never came for him? No stranger could have known of this.

No stranger? That idea haunted Lierret's mind day and night and goaded him to action. Step by step he pushed on inquiry. Bit by bit he came upon the history of all his father's old friends and associates, and at length suspicion pointed to the sudden and vaguely explained uprising of Locard, nearly simultaneous with the old clockmaker's assassination. There was the murderer's false reckoning of chances; too eager for the enjoyment of his murder stamped gold, he surprised his acquaintances by his ostentatious display of means, but Lierret he provoked to make inquiry as to their origin.

Still the proof, the legal proof, eluded the young man's search, though he had come close enough to it to satisfy the instinct of his heart; while the persistence with which Locard, who had been an almost daily visitor to his father's house, avoided him was in itself a confession. It was at this stage of his search for justice that the idea of laying a trap for the criminal came into his mind.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the prosecuting barrister, "you see here a what social utility is the progress of science. Was it not a trait of genius of the part of a poor clockmaker to have utilized, by adapting it to the mechanism of an ordinary clock, that immortal invention of Edison—the phonograph?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Dangerous Article.

"I look upon a handsome bonnet as a dangerous thing," said Mr. Goodfather.

"How is that?" asked a friend.

"I bought my daughter the handsomest bonnet I could find in town a short time ago and it has not only turned her head, but it turns the head of every other woman who walks past it."—N. Y. Press.

FACES NOT SHAPELY.
Familiar Facts About People Who Wear Glasses.

The faces of people who wear glasses may not, as a rule, resemble one another, but they are very generally false features of which are deformed. A glass or pair of glasses on a person's nose proclaims the owner to possess anything but a truly shaped face. To say it a little differently, a pair of glasses, when of necessity worn, constitute notice to the world that Nature was in a slurring mood when she molded the face of the wearer. You laugh and say: "That's nonsense! Some of the finest looking people I ever saw wore glasses." That means you never examined those "finest-looking" people temple by temple, cheek by cheek, ear by ear, etc. You overlooked a fact that in ten to one the shape of the head from the tip of their ears forward to a point between their eyes was irregular, or twisted.

Yes; something of bad build mars the architecture of every face that is accompanied by glasses. And it is this bad build of the features that frequently affects the eyes and calls for the artificial aids to sight.

The normal eye of a human being is nearly a perfect globe in form. The cornea or front portion of it protrudes more than the rest and has the shape more than the rest of an ellipsoid than sphere. The entire coat of the eye is a tough, fibrous membrane, the front portion of which is transparent and called the cornea; back, or on each side, is the sclerotic, or, commonly called, the "white of the eye," which by its toughness, strength, and elasticity gives form and strength to the member. To this are attached the muscles that keep the eye in place and controls its movements. Inside of this sclerotic is a thin membrane, the choroid coat, the ends of which are filled with black pigment, which absorbs the light as soon as it has done its work on the retina. Inside of the choroid is the retina, which is a continuation of expansion of the optic nerve. The back part of the eyeball, about three-quarters of its space, is filled with the vitreous humor, or a jelly-like substance. In front of the eye, within the cornea, is the aqueous humor, a fluid quite like water, a trifle saltier. Suspended in this aqueous humor is the iris, a thin membrane or curtain that easily expands or contracts to regulate the size of the pupil. Its function is to control the amount of light admitted to the interior of the eye. The color of the iris forms the color of the eye, whether it be blue, brown, or gray. Between the aqueous and vitreous humors is the crystalline lens, double convex in form, with the greater convexity toward the back. It is about one-third of an inch in diameter and one-sixth of an inch in thickness. In a young person it is very elastic and hardens as age advances. The lens is composed of a jelly substance and in layers like those of an onion. Attached to the edge of the lens and to the sclerotic are the ciliary muscles whose actions give the proper focus.

The eye, then, may be looked upon as a sort of photographic camera designed by its refracting power to produce a small and inverted image on the retina of objects looked at. The impression produced on the retina is conducted to the brain by the optic nerve, which must be able to interpret correctly the impressions conveyed to it. When the impressions are blurred and indistinct, the eye is defective in its refraction, or, in other words, the vision is poor. And it is this class of complaints that the optician has most to deal with.

Errors of refraction may result from many causes, but chiefly from hypermetropia, or far sight, a condition of the eye wherein the member is short from front to back, or the lens has not sufficient power to shorten the rays of light so they will focus upon the retina instead of behind it. All eyes are hypermetropic at birth, but the eyeball increases in length with the rest of the body, and the hypermetropia diminishes until the eye becomes normal.

The symptoms of hypermetropia in an adult are inability to look at small objects or printed matter for any length of time; vision blurs and the person is compelled to stop and rub the eyes. This for a minute seems to clear the vision, but the trouble returns again, and after the strength of the muscles become exhausted the work must cease.

Many children who are troubled with hypermetropia of a high degree bring their books close to their eyes. Such children are supposed to be nearsighted, and concave glasses are given them, which only increases the trouble instead of helping it.

The defect that causes more trouble than all others is astigmatism, a difficulty usually located in the cornea and due to overcurvature of same, the rays of light passing through the cornea so that they do not focus together at the same point. This trouble comes most frequently as the result of want of symmetry about the person's head and face. Headache is usually a very marked symptom of eye trouble instead of unhealthfulness in connection with other portions of the body. At least this is claimed by the most notable ophthalmists of the world. When a person is inclined to hold his head on one side in looking sharply at objects astigmatism may be suspected. Few people, particularly those of irregular features, are free from this most prevalent of all eye troubles.

Scarcely need it be added that the reason why irregularity of features denotes, so frequently, the existence of defective sight is that the eye is pushed and trained into a form other than natural. Frequently the slightest irregularity in the general build of the face will tell to a large extent on the clearness of the vision.—Chicago Tribune.

Sad Enough.

Harry—It is sad to be cut off in one's prime, isn't it?

Jimmy—It is indeed; but what particular case do you allude to?

Harry—My own. The old gent has made a new will, and I'm not in it.—Pack.

OLD HALLOWE'EN CUSTOMS.
How People in European Countries Celebrate the Last Day of October.

The evening of the 31st of October is called all hallow even, or hallowe'en. The Catholic church designed this day to be held in honor of all those saints who had not particular days appointed for them. In North Wales there is a custom on all saints' eve of making a great fire, called "eol coeth." Every family, at a certain hour in the night, makes a great bonfire in the most conspicuous place near the house, and when it is about extinguished everyone throws a white stone into the ashes, having first marked it; then, having said their prayers, turning round the fire, they go to bed. In the morning, as soon as they are up, they come to search out the stones, and if any of them are found wanting they have a notion that the one who threw it in will die before he sees another hallowe'en. The same fire is mentioned by Rev. Mr. Shaw in his "History of Moray" as being kept in various parts of the Highlands. "On all saints' eve they set up bonfires in every village. When the fire is consumed the ashes are carefully formed in a circle. There is a stone put in, near the circumference, for every person of the several families interested in the bonfire, and whatever stone is moved out of its place, or injured, before the next morning, the person represented by that stone is devoted, or 'foey,' and is supposed not to live twelve months from that day."

The ringing of bells was one of the modes of celebrating Hallowmas in England in the olden times. It was a Roman Catholic practice, being designed in some way to favor the souls of Christians. For this reason Queen Elizabeth prohibited it. It was also the custom of Catholic families to have a cake baked on this eve for every member of the family, as a soul-mass cake or soul-cake. It was composed of oatmeal and full of aromatic seeds. The burning of nuts to test love or friendship is one of the amusements of that night. The nuts (chestnuts) are placed on a hot stove and named, one after the person placing it there and the other after the one whom she loves. If they, when heated, fly toward each other, their love is supposed to be true, but if they fly apart then trouble will brew.

Another game is to take bits of bread, moisten them with water and take a tiny slip of paper on which is written the name of some loved friend and press it into the center of the moistened bread, forming into a little ball; drop the ball into a glass of water, and if it rises to the top the friend is true; if it remains in the bottom of the glass, they are supposed to be false.

Take a four-quart tin basin and into it place cards on which are written some prophetic quotation; to each of these tie a piece of baby ribbon half a yard long. Have one card for each guest and yourself as well; then take a piece of pretty tissue paper and cover the tin over the top just as if it were a meat pie, letting the ends of the ribbons protrude from a slit in the center of the pie. When refreshments of apples, doughnuts, pumpkin pie and nuts are served, let each guest choose a string and pull forth the fatal card prophetic of the future. This can be made very interesting and amusing. Use great care not to use any quotation that could wound or give offense. Then there is the peeling of the apples and tossing the purling over the shoulder to see what eubalistic letter it will form.

Again, when an apple is eaten the seeds are stuck on the back of the hand and named, the hand is then thrown back over the left shoulder and whatever seeds remain are true friends. The girls are all seated in a circle, the boys carefully blindfolded, and each with a magic wand (a cane will answer the purpose) walks three times around the circle, then touches one of the girls with the wand, and so selects the one he is to wait on during refreshments. Again, you can have a "fairy party" by all dressing like brownies "en masque," removing the masks when refreshments are served.—Troy Press.

Shattering One of Youth's Idols.
As far back as 1697 doubt was cast on the story of Tell. The Swiss naturally defended the existence of the hero, and in 1760, when a pamphlet was published undertaking to prove his mythical character, it was burned publicly by order of the government of the canton of Uri, and many "proofs" were produced in favor of the existence of the famous patriot. In 1855 the historian Kopp cast further doubt on Tell's existence, and only as recently as 1867 and 1877 has it been proved finally that he was a mythical character; that "a mythological marksman and an impossible ballist bearing the name of a real family have been joined with confused and distorted reminiscences of the events of 1245-47 (the confederation of the cantons against Austria) in which the names of many real persons have been introduced, and many unauthenticated acts attributed to them." The story of the archer who shoots a small object from another person's head is widespread; in Denmark it has almost precisely the form of the Tell legend, and it exists in Norway, Iceland, on the Rhine, and even in England, where William of Cloudestley, one of Robin Hood's companions, is the hero.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Something New.
A fish-napkin is a novelty. It is a square of linen about twenty inches across. There is a border of drawn-work or hemstitching and the corners are embroidered in sea-weeds or meshes of fish-net in which are entangled fishes or crabs. The cloth is laid over the dish, and the fish is placed on this with the corners folded over. This, however, is not liked by many ladies, who place the cloth over the platter; then set a dish, a size smaller, on that, in which is the fish to be served, then the corners are turned over all. This saves very serious soiling of the cloth, which is always an offense to delicate sensibilities.—N. Y. Ledger.

SANTANGEL AND COLUMBUS.
The Man Who Loaned the Money to Fit Out the Discoverer.

In a recent issue of the Boersen Courier, of Berlin, an attempt was made to do justice to a man who played a considerable part in the critical period of Columbus' life. The great discoverer himself was ever mindful of his friend's services, and at the end of his eventful voyage hastened to chronicle for him his chief events.

"The Columbus celebration of America," says the journal, "has renewed interest in a number of questions regarding the great discoverer. Among these is the query as to whom Columbus was really indebted for the means to prosecute his great undertaking. The statement that Queen Isabella pawned her jewels to help the mariner has long since been relegated to the realm of fable, although it was a hard blow to Castilian pride. The jewels of her majesty were already in pawn. True and commensurate interest in Columbus' project was manifested alone by the Aragonian countrymen of King Ferdinand II., the bravest and most daring seaman of the time. One of the most famous of these men was that Maestro Jarome, of Mallorca, a baptized Hebrew whom the infant Henry Portugal had entrusted with the direction of the marine school which he had established at Sagras. Jarome was the author of an excellent series of sea maps, the perfecter of the compass. He also taught the use of the astrolabe to the mariners. In the circle of Aragonians at the royal court of Spain a certain Luis Santangel was especially prominent. Las Casas declares that he was a clever and popular man, and a great favorite with the king and queen. This man, according to the declarations of Don Fernando Columbus in the biography of his father, proved to be the discoverer's best friend. In the Madrid journal, El Centenario, Miguel Mir recently gave particulars regarding his personality.

"Like so many influential personages of those days, Santangel's family was also of Jewish origin. Members of the family were to be found among the judges, attorneys and privy counselors of Zaragoza. They also played important parts at court. An ambassador, a bishop, two priors, among others, belonged to the Santangel race. As to Luis Santangel, the local chronicles of Catalayad relate that King Ferdinand, who was often embarrassed for lack of money, once arrived in the city with a small following and proceeded at once to Santangel's house, where he received the necessary loan.

"It was this Luis Santangel who, to use a modern expression, financed the discovery of America. Leaving aside the rather melodramatic account of Las Casas, it is a fact that Luis Santangel, the trusted servant of King Ferdinand and empowered by his majesty, again spoke in favor of Columbus to the queen that eventful January day. By promising to lend the money to prepare the vessels for the voyage he induced the queen to recall Columbus. Moreover, he did this with no other surety than the king's word. In the archives of Simancas are still to be seen the papers signed by Santangel, setting forth that he had received back 1,140,000 maravedis, which he had lent to pay for the fleet which their highnesses allowed to go to India, and to pay Christol Columbus, who accompanied the fleet." Columbus was grateful to the man who had given him the means to undertake the journey. While returning from his first voyage to America, and when near the Azores, he felt it his duty to send the first news of his great discovery to Luis Santangel. This letter will always remain one of the most remarkable documents relating to the discovery of the new world. King Ferdinand also showed his gratitude to Luis Santangel so long as he lived. He presented large dowries to the banker's daughters—Santangel was married to a Senorita de los Caballeria, a family of Jewish origin—and made one of his sons-in-law viceroy of Sardinia. After Ferdinand's death, however, the statthalter, during Emperor Charles' absence, deprived Santangel of all his offices. He seems to have appealed in vain against this injustice.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Two Street Gowns.
The closely woven chevrons prove a most satisfactory material for the fall gown. Their capacity for wear is unlimited. A jaunty street costume is a plain tight-fitting cheviot of mottled shades of brown, sage-green and red. There is a coat sleeve and a high, tight-fitting collar. The jaunty touch to the costume is given by the vest worn with it.

The material of which the vest is made is billiard cloth. The buttons are large and of uncut steel.

The fall jacket is of dove-gray beaver cloth, tight-fitting and three-quarter length. There is one unconventional rever which is fetchingly curved and outlined with a narrow band of silver fox. The collar stands up very straight and high and is finished with a soft band of the fur, which also trims the front of the jacket. The three large smoke-pearl buttons are more ornamental than useful. The sleeves are full above the elbow and are fashioned with black velvet.—N. Y. World.

Cream or Milk for Feeding an Infant.
The question of the best manner to proceed in feeding an infant on cow's milk, was recently raised in the Sanitarium question box. A lady asked Dr. J. H. Kellogg if it were best to use clear cream diluted, or milk and cream together. His reply was that either would answer, but that cream diluted with lime water, in the proportion of two parts cream and one of lime water, was to be preferred for a young child. Cream does not contain so much casein as milk and is not likely to produce so large curds in the stomach. Feeding the child with a silver spoon from a cup is a much safer manner than to use any of the numerous nursing bottles. It is next to impossible to keep them in a wholesome condition. There is no less liability to over-feeding also if a spoon is used.—Good Health.

BLANCHING OF VEGETABLES.
A Culinary Process That is Little Known by American Housekeepers.

The blanching of vegetables is a process which American housekeepers do not generally understand. There are a great many vegetables which have a rank flavor, and this may be removed by blanching. To blanch is not to parboil in water. A delicate vegetable like green peas or sweet corn does not need blanching, but a coarse vegetable like cabbage or onion is very much improved by the process. Cabbage should always be blanched. To do this, pare off the outer leaves and cut the cabbage into four equal pieces. Put them in an abundance of boiling water and let them cook about ten minutes. Then drop them into cold water, and when they are cold complete the cooking. Spinach also is always blanched by our best cooks.

All boiled greens are better for this process of blanching. Brussels sprouts and cauliflower should be blanched in about the same time and manner as cabbage. Spring beans and lima beans should be cooked in boiling water salted for at least an hour, cooled in cold water, and then cooked till done. Turnips should be parboiled ten or fifteen minutes, according to their age, but they should not be cooled in cold water, as this would give them a bitter taste. Drain them while they are hot and finish the cooking. Onions are very much better to be cut off at either end, put in boiling water, cooked for fifteen minutes, then cooled and peeled and cooked again for twenty-five or thirty minutes longer, till they are done.

There is a difference of opinion as to cooking potatoes. They are never cooled after they are cooked the first time, but they are often improved when they are old by cooking them in two waters. At this season old potatoes have a better flavor if they are washed thoroughly "in their jackets," a rim of peeling taken off, and dropped in cold water and cooked for forty-five minutes. Young potatoes should be cooked in boiling water. Delicate vegetables would lose all their flavor if subjected to the process of blanching. The mistake our cooks are apt to make is to apply one general formula of salted boiling water alike to all vegetables, whether delicate or coarse, cooking them all in one way till they are tender. There is no universal rule that will apply to all cooking.—Baltimore News.

ROUGH ON THE DOCTOR.
A Physician's Patient Dreams of an Interview With St. Peter.

The late Dr. Yandell was fond of telling the following on himself:

A lady patient of his, on entering his consultation room one morning greeted him with the remark:

"Doctor, I had such a singular dream about you last night."

"Indeed," said the doctor, "what was it?"

"Why I dreamed that I died and went up to Heaven. I knocked at the golden gate and was answered by St. Peter, who asked my name and address, and told the recording angel to bring his book. He had considerable difficulty in finding my name, and hesitated so long over the entry, when he did find it, that I was terribly afraid something was wrong; but he suddenly looked up and asked:

"What did you say your name was?"

"I told him again."

"Why," said he, "you've no business here. You're not due these ten or fifteen years yet!"

"Well," said I, "Dr. Yandell said—"

"Oh, you're one of Yandell's patients, are you? That accounts for it. Come right in! come right in! that man's always upsetting our calculations in some way."—Vis Medicatrix.

MUSIC AND ITS MAKERS.
The duke of Edinburgh is composing the music for a libretto by Queen Elizabeth of Roumania.

It is now said that the war ministers of Prussia and Bavaria have refused to permit any of the regimental bands to visit the Chicago exposition.

ANTONIN DVOŘAK, the celebrated composer, who has arrived in this country to take charge of the National Conservatory of Music of New York at a salary of \$15,000 a year, is 51 years of age and started on his musical career in Prague at \$9 a week.

Both Had Eczema
In Its Worst Form

After Physicians Failed, Hood's Sarsaparilla Perfectly Cured.

Great mental agony is endured by parents who see their children suffering from diseases caused by impure blood, and for which there seems no cure. This is turned to joy when Hood's Sarsaparilla is resorted to, for it expels the foul humors from the blood, and restores the diseased skin to fresh, healthy brightness. Read the following from grateful parents:

"We think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most valuable medicine on the market for blood and skin diseases. Our two children suffered terribly with the

Worst Form of Eczema
for two years. We had three physicians in that time, but neither of them succeeded in curing them, even in giving them a little relief. At last we tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a month both children were perfectly cured. We recommend

Hood's Sarsaparilla
as a standard family medicine, and would not be without it." Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Soller, 1423 3rd Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures liver, skin, complexion, humors, jaundice, and blood diseases, itching, itching.



THE HOMESTEAD RIOT.

Program of the Senate Inquiry Into Methods of the Pinkertons.

CHICAGO, Nov. 19.—Capt. Patrick Foley, of the Pinkerton detective agency, was the first witness called before the senate committee investigating the Homestead affair at the Grand Pacific hotel Friday. Senator Gallinger and Senator Peffer were the only members of the committee present. Capt. Foley was asked whether the agency had a stock of arms. He replied that they had 400 rifles and 3,000 revolvers, but that the men had strict orders not to use arms except to defend themselves.

Senator Peffer asked Foley to cite instances in which Pinkerton men had been sworn in as deputy sheriffs. Foley replied that he had been deputized on many occasions. He cited the time of the Lake Shore strike and the troubles at Rankin, Pa.; Punxsutawney, Pa.; Walston, Pa.; and Adrian, Pa. He cited also the case of the Rochester-Pittsburgh Company trouble, where he served three weeks under orders of the superintendent of the company.

Foley then proceeded to speak of the H. C. Frick Coke Company trouble of several months ago. He was asked whether the men went to Pennsylvania under arms. He replied that they did not take arms, but that they were armed at Pittsburgh with Winchester sent in advance from Chicago. He said that Mr. Pinkerton's orders were that they should be armed with clubs only, and Mr. Foley confessed that he disobeyed orders in causing the men to take Winchester. But he did so to save life and to prevent disorder. He said that miners and iron men were only in terror of force and that the law and officers of the law were matters of indifference to them.

John W. Halloway, a Pinkerton man, had been through all the Homestead trouble and gave important testimony. He gave a minute account of the fight on the barges, and declared that the first shots were fired by strikers, from sixty to 100 shots being fired by them before the Pinkerton men returned the fire. The Chicago men left at night, he said, and were not uniformed and armed until they boarded the barges, and, to his knowledge, were not sworn in. This was in direct contradiction to the testimony given before.

Robert Bruce, No. 128 La Salle street, who has been a detective for thirty-two years, while declaring that he entertained no personal feeling against any agency, proceeded to pour hot shot into the Pinkerton organization. He had procured many affidavits from men who were employed by the Pinkertons at the time of the Homestead trouble. These affidavits represented that those who made them had been given instructions on the barge, that they were imposed upon by the Pinkertons, that they were told they were going to guard private property, and that they had to sign a contract declaring they would not take any action against their employers. Regarding the character of the men generally employed to go to Homestead, Mr. Bruce said they were "the scum of the earth." According to his belief Pinkerton did not fulfill his declaration that he employed only men of good character. The witness knew of the employment of ex-convicts.

"Are you acquainted with the character of the men generally employed by the detective agencies?"

"Yes, there is not one out of ten whom you could not hire to commit murder or any other crime."

"You cannot trust in the reports they are supposed to send to their office?"

"I would not believe any detective under oath without having his evidence corroborated."

"Does that apply to yourself?"

"Yes, I will apply it to myself."

The witness also stated that all the men whose affidavits he took said emphatically they were never sworn in as deputies. From what he had heard Pinkerton could at any time arm from 400 to 500 men.

"Do you know of any case where detective agencies have incited men to strike or aided in prolonging a strike?" asked Senator Peffer.

"Not in recent years," answered Mr. Bruce. "Years ago where a company wanted to advance the price of coal the employers engineered a strike with the detective agencies."

"The object of that being?"

"To raise the price of coal." [Laughter.]

T. R. Cogswell, W. H. Cutting, J. H. McCune, James A. O'Connell, Ed. Meagher and S. S. Baker, representing the Carpenters' unions of Chicago, presented an address to the committee asking the members to use their best efforts to abolish the Pinkerton system as "obnoxious to the people of America."

Received for \$10,000.

CHICAGO, Nov. 19.—The world's fair officials have accepted the Remington Typewriter Company's offer of \$10,000 for the first souvenir half dollar to come from the mint. The Remington people have deposited their check for the amount and hold a contract for the first coin. The price paid is the highest ever given for a coin, and it will have the effect of raising the value of the entire issue. The exposition company expects to receive a high price also for the last coin minted.

Carried by Cook County.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Nov. 19.—The secretary of state has received official returns for presidential electors, members of congress and members of the general assembly from all counties with the exception of Cook. The vote for electors outside of Cook county is as follows: Republican, 258,034; democratic, 281,677; prohibition, 29,963; people's party, 20,593. The democrats will have outside of Cook county sixty-two members of the house of representatives in the legislature and the republicans sixty-one. The figures showing the vote for state officers cannot be made up for several days.

THE PRESIDENT.

He Confers With His Cabinet Concerning His Coming Message—Some of His Recommendations Outlined.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—The president's message was the chief topic of discussion at the cabinet meeting Friday afternoon. In the document the president will naturally make few recommendations for legislation, but his resume of the condition of public business will be such as to show that the administration, in giving up power, has no regrets.

The president will make it clear that the legislation which the people seem to want should come from the party that will soon be in complete power. In discussing the financial conditions he will indirectly answer some of the partisan criticisms that are heard about the condition of the treasury, and is likely to point out wherein the expenditures of the government have grown, and to show what part of the burden of the increase is due, in his estimation, to the democratic legislation. He may recommend the suspension of further payment on public works until the public finances justify it. At the same time he will probably show how the expenditures are in excess of the revenues, because of the removal of the sugar tax, and leave it to the people to judge whether they want that tax removed.

There has been some discussion over the advisability of the president recommending the repeal of the Sherman silver law, on the ground that it has served its purpose. Such a recommendation would have a good effect on the international monetary conference which will be in session in Brussels when congress meets. The silver states have shown by their votes that the Sherman law is not satisfactory to them, and as the rest of the country never demanded it the president cannot but be in accord with recommending its repeal. It is not absolutely certain that he will do so, yet there are indications that he leans to such a recommendation.

The president's views regarding the supervision of federal elections have not been changed. To show where his convictions are he will again recommend the creation of a non-partisan commission, and he is certain to deprecate the repeal of the laws now on the statute books.

The cholera epidemic will be discussed, and congress will be advised to legislate more specifically, possibly to the establishment of a national quarantine. While power was found for the executive department the desirability of having this power clearly defined points to a national quarantine as the safest way of avoiding conflict with local health officers and of making the quarantine effective for the whole country.

Immigration naturally grows out of the cholera discussion, and on this point the advisability of congress defining the position of this country will be shown. President Harrison will not recommend the total prohibition of immigration for ten years as some have advised him to do, but he will emphasize the necessity of further restriction than is now imposed.

PRELATES AND THE SCHOOLS.

Catholic Archbishops Urge the Need of Religious Instruction.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—The conference of archbishops of the United States, which has been in daily session at the archiepiscopal residence of Archbishop Corrigan since Wednesday last, was concluded Friday. The question that has engaged the attention of the archbishops to the largest extent, and the one which has prolonged the conference to the period of three days, is the matter relating to parochial schools. Not until Friday was any real progress made, and the adoption of the following resolution indicates a compromise upon the question:

"That as to children who at present do not attend Catholic schools, we direct in addition that provision be made for them by Sunday schools, and also by instructions on some other day of the week, and by urging parents to teach their children Christian doctrine in their homes. These Sunday and weekday schools should be under the direct supervision of the clergy, aided by intelligent lay teachers, and when possible by members of religious teaching orders."

DECLARED OFF.

Mechanics and Laborers at Homestead Tired of Striking.

HOMESTEAD, Pa., Nov. 19.—The mechanics and day laborers who have been out on a strike in sympathy with the members of the amalgamated association at Homestead held a meeting Friday and voted to apply for their old positions. The meeting had hardly adjourned until there was a perfect scramble to reach the Carnegie mill offices. The laborers were given employment, as were also a large number of mechanics. There were not enough vacancies to go around, however, and many were turned away. The members of the amalgamated association also held a secret meeting and voted to continue the fight independently. Of these there are 600. Chairman Frick, of the Carnegie company, was present and supervised the reemployment of his old men.

Importing House Failure.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—E. Mommer & Co., importers of ladies' dress and court trimmings, laces, etc., made an assignment to August Wedglin without preference. The liabilities are a little over \$100,000, the greater part being due to creditors in Europe. The assets are nominally larger, but the actual value is not to be stated until an actual appraisal has been made.

Held for the Murder of Their Father.

MORRISON, Ill., Nov. 19.—The preliminary examination of John Henry Swarthout and Ernest Albert Swarthout, charged with the murder of their father in Lyndon township, November 10, was held before Justice Bates in the village of Lyndon Friday. The prisoners were placed in jail.

Ex-Congressman Saylor Dead.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—Ex-Congressman Milton Saylor, of Ohio, was found dead in his bed Friday morning in his room in a boarding house. Death is supposed to have been caused by heart disease.

WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

ENDED HIS LIFE.

A Milwaukee Man Commits Suicide in a New York Hotel.

A man who was supposed to be Frederick M. Unger, Milwaukee, was found dead in his bed in his room in the Broadway Central hotel in New York city. He had evidently committed suicide by shooting himself with a revolver that was found beside him. The man was about 35 years old and well dressed. In the pocket was an empty envelope addressed to Frederick M. Unger, 101 Grand avenue, Milwaukee. There was also found a life insurance policy in the same name, issued by a Wisconsin company, for \$10,000.

Dead of a Lunatic.

James McDonald, a drayman, went to his barn in Eau Claire to feed his horses and found two of them dead with their throats cut. On the barn door was pinned a note saying that there were too many horses around and that fifteen more would have to be killed. McDonald has no enemies. It is believed to be the deed of an insane man. McDonald is a poor man, and had to mortgage his home to buy the horses.

All Cared For.

The work of relieving families who were left destitute after the big fire in Milwaukee has practically come to an end, all having been properly cared for for the present. Up to this time \$68,724.75 has been expended for all classes of relief. The total relief fund amounts to \$133,830.93. The balance on hand after everything is settled will be placed in bank to be used only as a loan to fire victims.

Served Half His Term.

Henry L. Owens has served about half of a term of three years in the state prison for obtaining money under false pretenses at Chippewa Falls. Attorneys at this late date appealed to the supreme court to release him on the ground that the information upon which he was convicted was defective and the judgment of the lower court was reversed and his release ordered.

Two New Towns.

At a meeting of the county board in Ashland two new towns were created in Ashland county. One will be composed of seventeen of the Apostle islands and will be named La Pointe, and the other will be called Saxton. The population of the island is about 1,000, and the valuation is fixed at about \$70,000. Steps were also taken toward the erection of a new \$10,000 courthouse.

Tanner Gets a G. A. R. Office.

Commander in Chief Weissert, of the Grand Army of the Republic, authorizes the statement that Corporal James Tanner, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been appointed judge advocate general of the organization, and the appointment will be officially announced in forthcoming orders. This appointment completes the personal staff of the commander in chief.

Killed by a Set-Can.

While hunting in the woods west of Chelsea with a companion Richard Perkins ran into a set-gun, receiving its charge. His companion could do nothing to aid him, so he started for the village, about 5 miles away, for help. When the party returned Perkins was found dead and frozen stiff. Perkins lived at Chelsea and had been married six weeks.

Disappeared with a Large Sum.

Hugh Rogan, 78 years of age, and one of the pioneers of Pleasant Prairie, Kenosha county, but of late years a resident of Kenosha, has been missing for over a week. Several days ago he went down town, drew \$17,000 from the bank and went up to the courthouse, since when no trace of him can be found.

Another Milwaukee Fire.

Milwaukee had another disastrous fire visitation when the large dry-goods store of T. L. Kelly & Co., fronting on Wisconsin street and Broadway, was completely gutted. The total loss will probably reach \$175,000. The loss is fairly covered by insurance.

The News Condensed.

H. L. Heinzelman, of Monroe, while hunting near Augusta was accidentally killed.

Edward Beggs, of Almont, was thrown from his wagon and killed at Flouer.

The 53,000 acres of coal land in Kentucky owned by a syndicate headed by Proctor Knott has been purchased by Superior and Duluth people.

Mrs. Knipe, who shot and wounded Policeman Seely in the forehead two months ago at Hurley, was sentenced by Judge Callins to one year in the penitentiary at Wausau.

Martha Zeimer, aged 26, was killed by the cars in the depot at Wausau.

J. H. Kenstler, an engineer on the tug Ward, fell overboard into Chequamegon bay and was drowned.

John Nuli, a driver of a delivery wagon, was fatally hurt in a runaway at Chippewa Falls.

Mrs. Cherney, of Kewaunee, charged with poisoning her husband with rough on rats, confessed her guilt in the presence of G. W. Wing, her attorney.

Ed Anderson, a chopper in Bigelow's lumber camp near Washburn, was instantly killed by a falling limb. This was the second man killed in the same way within a week.

Mrs. Abraham Schwarz, mother-in-law of Samuel B. Auerbach, the Plankinton house (Milwaukee) cigar dealer, accidentally fell downstairs and was instantly killed.

Rosecoe Carner, an 8-year-old boy, was killed by the cars at Hawthorn. He was on top of the train when it started and was thrown under the wheels and literally cut in two. His parents live at Wausau.

The superiors of the convents of the sisters of Notre Dame in this country met at the mother house in Milwaukee and elected a successor to the late Mother Caroline, who was at the head of the order for so many years.

Christmas Wide Awake.

The December Wide Awake is a true Christmas number and has, therefore, the full Christmas flavor, from the beautiful colored frontispiece that opens it to the fantastic flower piece that ends it.

This frontispiece is a representation of the Ice Queen in her grotto, drawn by Henry Sandham to accompany Mrs. Sandham's article, "The Vagaries of Santa Claus."

"The Bluecoat School," the famous English school in which Charles Lamb and other noted Englishmen were educated, by Louise Imogen Guiney, is highly interesting and fully illustrated by Joseph Pennell. "Mr. Van Gelt's Case," by William O. Stoddard. To this strong story succeeds an equally strong Christmas ballad by R. Macdonald Alden, "How Lajla Found the Christ-child," beautifully illustrated by Merrill.

The new serials that commence in this Christmas number are of unusual excellence. They are W. O. Stoddard's Revolutionary story, "Guerret Ten Eyck," Molly Elliot Seawell's narrative, "The Midshipman's Mess," and Theodor R. Jenness's Indian story, "Piokee and her People," all finely illustrated. A delightful Christmas play for young people, "Wishing," by William Grant, is given complete, with directions for home representation.

Price 20 cents. \$2.40 a year.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

Anxious to Learn.

Little Boy—Mamma, may I study history?

Mamma—In good time.

"But I don't want to wait."

"Why are you so impatient?"

"I heard the teacher tell the history class that the old Romans had stone circus posters, and one of 'em had been found. I want to know what it had on."

—Good News.

A Remarkable Combination of Comfort and Luxury.

A noted sportsman and traveler, also connected with the Smithsonian Institute, recently visiting in Dakota and Montana, writes as follows in reference to the equipment of the "North Western Limited" Vestibule Train from St. Paul to Chicago:

"Chicago, Oct. 25, 1912.

"I reached Chicago this morning 'on time' via the North-Western Line, and feel that a word is due with respect to the superb equipment on their Limited."

"Their Compartment Sleepers are certainly the most remarkable combination of comfort and luxury ever put on wheels, and every appreciative traveler will bless the genius which has contrived to make the journey of life so smooth! I certainly do, and will never forget the enjoyment I experienced. I felt as if I were rolling in wealth all the way. It is a grand improvement to have the sleeping compartment independent and apart from the sleeper, and I am sure that the managers of that line will receive the thanks of the traveler."

"It is a great point to gain the good will of the ladies."

"Best of wishes!"—St. Paul Globe.

Wants a further talk too much his stories are generally illustrated with cuts. Texas Sitings.

Official.

It is our earnest desire to impress upon the minds of the public the superiority of the service offered by the Wisconsin Central Lines to Milwaukee, Chicago and all points East and South. Two fast trains leave St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth daily, equipped with Pullman Vestibule Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of the latest design. The dining car service is unsurpassed, which accounts, to a great degree, for the popularity of this line. The Wisconsin Central Lines, in connection with Northern Pacific R. R., is the only line from Pacific Coast points over which both Pullman Vestibule, first-class, and Pullman Tourist Cars are operated via St. Paul without change to Chicago.

Pamphlets giving valuable information can be obtained free upon application to your nearest ticket agent, or Jas. C. Fox, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

It is a strange paradox that fast colors are colors that will not run.—Boston Transcript.

In Olden Times.

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

No Not ask a fugitive how he "comes on." Ask him how he is "going off."—Dallas News.

A Dose in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for Coughs.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Laconic Proposal.—"Cook?" "Yes." "Fiano?" "No." "Mice?"—Riende Blatter.

The cucumber does its best fighting after it is down.—Texas Sitings.

SUNSHINE

comes, no matter how dark the clouds are, when the woman who is borne down by her own troubles turns to Dr. Fio's Favorite Prescription. In her life is made gloomy by the chronic weaknesses, delicate derangements, and painful disorders that afflict her sex, they are completely cured. If she is overworked, nervous, or run-down, she has new life and strength.

"Favorite Prescription" is a powerful, invigorating tonic and a soothing and strengthening nerve tonic, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and vigor. For every "female complaint" and disturbance, it is the only remedy so sure and unfailing that it can be guaranteed.

If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

HAS 36,000 CIRCULATION.

Because it is the best daily in the Northwest. Sample free. Saturday, 10 pages, contains some interesting stories.

OPIMUM

Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHEN, Lebanon, Ohio.

—PAPER FREE every time you write.

No Wonder They Grow.

Growing is permissible to the rheumatic. But the growth will be on a case when they take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which relieves the agonizing malady with gratifying promptitude. Indigestion, constipation, muscular ailments, sick headache, biliousness, nervousness and a lack of physical stamina, are among the ailments overcome by this compound.

Coin contracts. That's why your pocket-book is a small when you have coaled up for the winter.—Danville Breeze.

We will give \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CUNNEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

And the hardest crop to raise on a farm nowadays is the boys in the family.

They all Testify

To the Efficacy of the World-Renowned Swift's Specific.

The old-time simple remedy from the Georgia swamps and fields has gone forth to the antipodes, establishing the scientific and confounding theories of those who depend solely on the physician's skill. There is no blood poison outwardly absorbed or the result of the diseases from within all yield to this potent but simple remedy. It is an unequalled tonic, builds up the old and feeble, cures all diseases arising from impure blood or weakened vitality. Send for a treatise. Examine the proof.

Books on "Blood and Skin Diseases" mailed free. Druggists Sell It.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

"August Flower"

Eight doctors treated me for Heart Disease and one for Rheumatism, but did me no good. I could not speak aloud. Everything that I took into the stomach distressed me. I could not sleep. I had taken all kinds of medicines. Through a neighbor I got one of your books. I procured a bottle of Green's August Flower and took it. I am to-day stout, hearty and strong and enjoy the best of health. August Flower saved my life and gave me my health. Mrs. Sarah J. Cox, Defiance, O.

Most store dealers keep them. If yours does not, write direct to manufacturers.

EXCELSIOR MANUFACTURING CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE WEATHER.

When the girls in Pirates of Penzance sit down on the stage and say, "Let us talk about the weather," they begin on a topic that is of vital interest to every one. For after all we are what the weather makes us. When it is warm and pleasant, we are happy. When it is raw, we take cold and are correspondingly unhappy and miserable. It is a dangerous thing to allow a cold to run under the idea that a cold is of not much importance. It is of vital importance. When you take cold do not delay a moment, but get a bottle of Reid's German Cough and Kidney Cure. This great remedy contains neither opiates nor narcotics. It can be given to the tenderest infant without any danger. It is the only cough remedy in the world of which it can be said it is impossible to take an overdose. It is unequalled for croup, pneumonia, pleurisy or any of the acute maladies that arise from a cold. Get it of any dealer. The small bottles cost 25 cents, the large ones 50 cents.

SYLVAN REMEDY CO., Peoria, Ill.

SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee.

Business College

Book-keeping, Short-hand, Penmanship, English, day and night. Mention this paper. A. H. AICHBURN, Manager.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER

The Best Waterproof Coat in the World!

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest fog. The new FISH BRAND SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire outfit, wears for months, don't buy a coat if the "Fish Brand" is not on it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

PAPER CUTTER

FOR SALE

A 30-INCH SECOND-HAND

Anson Hardy Power Cutter.

CAN EASILY BE

CHANGED TO A HAND MACHINE.

ADDRESS:

A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co., CHICAGO, ILL.

NO USE DENYING THERE IS NO

Remedy the equal of

St. Jacobs Oil

for the Prompt and

Permanent Cure of

Pains and Aches

DO NOT BE DECEIVED

The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable and the cheapest for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

FORGING A-HEAD.

Our sales for the past week of "CHARTER OAK" STOVES AND RANGES have been unprecedented. The Charter Oak has been forging ahead every day of the forty years that it has been on the market.

Most store dealers keep them. If yours does not, write direct to manufacturers.

EXCELSIOR MANUFACTURING CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.

MINNESOTA SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

CHICAGO, ILL.

PORTABLE WELL DRILLING MACHINERY.

Established 1867. Machines drill any depth both by steam and horse power. Send for free illustrated catalogue. MORGAN, KELLY & TAYLOR, Ltd., Waterloo, Iowa. WE MAKE THIS PAPER every time you write.

DAUGHTERS, WIVES, HAVE YOU

seen the BEST BOOK for Dressmaking and Embroidery? Dainty Work for Pleasure and Profit is the name of it. With 100 SKETCHES & PATTERNS. Send for it. WE MAKE THIS PAPER every time you write.

GLOBE STEEL STEEL WINDMILL CROLLER BLARING CHICAGO ILL.

ST. OTTO'S COLLEGE, VERMILION, MINNESOTA.

Offers superior facilities for obtaining a classical or commercial education. In a virtual instruction system. Terms Reasonable. Enter at any time. REV. W. M. GUNDEL, Pres. WE MAKE THIS PAPER every time you write.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED

15 to 20 lbs. per month by harmless herbal medicine. No dieting, no starvation, no exercise. No bad effects. Strictly confidential. O.W.F. SYSTEM. Write for free literature. WE MAKE THIS PAPER every time you write.

PISO'S CURE FOR

Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma should use PISO'S Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. WE MAKE THIS PAPER every time you write.

CONCEPT ON.

A. N. K.—G. 1423.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

WOODWARD & CO. GRAIN BY

SELL GRAIN BY

MINNEAPOLIS, DULUTH AND WEST SUPERIOR.

LOCAL TIMETABLES	
MILWAUKEE, LAKE SHORE & WESTERN.	
NORTH BOUND	
No. 1—Limited.....	4:15 A. M.
No. 15—Accommodation.....	1:15 P. M.
No. 16—Accommodation.....	3:00 P. M.
SOUTH BOUND	
No. 16—Accommodation.....	1:15 P. M.
No. 14—Accommodation.....	10:45 A. M.
No. 4—Limited.....	11:50 P. M.
H. O. HOWLAND, AGENT	

Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sauk Ste. Marie R'y.

TRAINS WEST	
No. 8—Mail and express.....	10:12 P. M.
No. 87—Passenger.....	7:00 A. M.
between Peabody and Cameron Junction.	
No. 21—Freight and Accommodation.....	7:15 A. M.
TRAINS EAST	
No. 86—Passenger.....	8:25 P. M.
No. 4—Mail and Express.....	3:55 A. M.
No. 22—Freight and Accommodation.....	5:45 P. M.
No. 5—Milk and express.....	5:45 P. M.
at Peabody.	
Nos. 8 and 4 daily. Other trains daily except Sunday. Nos. 8 and 87 make close connection at Bradley for Tomahawk. Nos. 86 and 87 make close connection at Cameron Junction to and from points on Omaha R'y. No. 21 makes good connection for points of C. M. & St. L. R'y. via Headford Junction.	

County Board Proceedings.

Resolved by the county board of supervisors of Oneida county. That on and after January 2, 1893, the amount allowed the sheriff of this county for boarding prisoners in the county jail be fixed at the rate of fifty cents per day. Signed, M. F. DOYLE.

Dated this 13th day of Sept., 1892. On motion of Supervisor McIntyre the above resolution was adopted. The following resolution was offered by Supervisor McIntyre: Resolved by the county board of supervisors of Oneida county. That the sum of \$400.00 be and the same is hereby appropriated to be expended upon the Eagle River-Minocqua road. Signed, P. W. MCINTYRE.

Dated this 13th day of Sept., 1892. On motion of Supervisor Doyle the above resolution was adopted, all members voting aye. The following resolution was offered by Supervisor McIntyre: Resolved by the county board of supervisors of Oneida county. That the date of the meeting of the county board, to consider the St. Germain road, be adjourned to and fixed at Oct. 17, 1892, at 8 o'clock p. m. Signed, P. W. MCINTYRE.

On motion of Supervisor Brown the above motion was adopted. On motion of Supervisor Brown, the account of George G. Greene for legal services in the Scott, et al. cases be allowed and the same charged back to the town of Eagle River. The motion prevailed by the following vote: Ayes—Supervisors Brown, Doyle and Yawkey, 3. Noes—Supervisor McIntyre, 1. On motion of Supervisor McIntyre, G. H. Clark was instructed to proceed with work on the fair grounds until Saturday, September 17, 1892, and that in the meantime—if the balance of the amount subscribed to apply on building same is collected, he continue to use the balance of the \$2,500.00 already appropriated by Oneida county, but to discontinue work after that date if the amount subscribed is not collected and turned over to him within that time. Motion prevailed, all members voting aye.

On motion of Supervisor Doyle the following accounts were allowed and the Chairman and Clerk instructed to draw orders for the same: Charles McFadden, work on county road, \$10 12 Dan Diamond, work on Co. road, 24 00 R. Carpenter, work on county road, 14 87 John Felton, work on county road, 18 60 Sam Work, work on county road, 16 37 Thomas Roads, work on Co. road, 15 00 M. Holland, work on Co. road, 90 00 B. O'Day, " " " " 11 25 A. Regenfasse " " " " 23 75 E. W. McIntyre, supplies for county road, 140 21 M. F. Doyle, supplies for county road, 96 22 L. McBride, supplies for county road, 5 78 P. W. McIntyre, supplies for county road, 10 75 E. W. McIntyre, labor on Co. road, 22 50 N. T. Baldwin, painting court house, 257 00 Geo. G. Greene, legal services, 75 15 L. Mericle, board of prisoners, 441 23 Rhinelander Hospital, support of county poor, 109 00 D. S. Johnson, report of real estate, 12 80 A. W. Shelton, examining titles, 30 00 Ball & Schlessman, team hire, 10 00 C. Faust, electric light, 23 67 D. E. Briggs, services drawing jurors, 2 00 T. B. McIndoe, profit services, 15 00

On motion of Supervisor Brown the county board adjourned to Monday, Oct. 17, 1892, at 8 o'clock p. m. E. P. BRENNAN, Co. Clerk. Oneida county, Wis.

Sidewalk Ordinance.

Resolution offered by supervisor J. E. Hilbert: Whereas four several petitions therefor have been duly made in writing each signed by a majority of all the owners of, and by the owners of at least one-half of the frontage of the real estate bounding the side or sides of that portion of each street affected by said petition.

Resolved, that sidewalks be built by the town of Pelican, in the vil-

lage of Rhinelander, in said town as follows: On the east side of Albany street, from Thayer street to the intersection of High street, also on the east side of Oneida avenue from Dahl street to Frederick street; also on the northeast side of Anderson street from Pellam street to Oneida Avenue also commencing at the North West corner of Block 13 of the first addition to the village of Rhinelander hence Southeastly along the Northeast side of Block 13 in said Addition to Conro Street Southwest on the Southeast side of said Block 13 to Conro and Newbold st. hence Southeast side along Southwest side of Block 14 in said Addition to corner of Park, Keenan and Newbold st. hence South on West side of Keenan Street along front of Blocks 1-2-3-4 of Keenan's First Addition.

Lot.	Blk.	Length.	Width.	Tax.
12	13	60 ft.	8 ft.	17 00
11	"	60 "	"	17 00
10	"	60 "	"	17 00
9	"	60 "	"	17 00
8	"	60 "	"	17 00
7	"	60 "	"	17 00
6	"	150 "	"	42 50
1	14	60 "	"	17 00
2	"	14 1/2 "	"	4 11
1	16	60 1/2 "	"	17 09
2	"	50 "	"	14 51
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
7	"	"	"	"
8	"	"	"	"
1	2	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	3	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6	"	"	"	"
1	4	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	"
4	"	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	"
6				